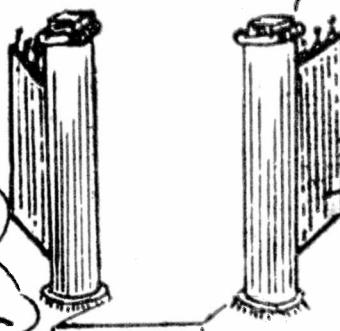


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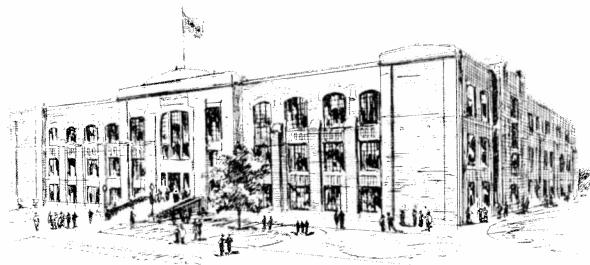
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THE
Ad Astra Annual
(FORMERLY COLLEGIATE)



1947 - 1948

★

Published in the Interest of Present Students
and Former Students of

The Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School

★

OUR MOTTO: *Sic Itur Ad Astra*

OUR COLORS: *Blue and White*

In Memoriam



This page is dedicated in grateful memory of Rhea D. McRoberts. Her sympathetic and vivid personality endeared her to pupils and colleagues, and inspired them to emulate her own loyalty to high ideals.



MISS JANE WALKER

to whom we respectfully dedicate this first issue of the "Ad Astra Annual". Her devoted service to the students of this school, and her valuable assistance as staff advisor for this and preceding editions is gratefully acknowledged.



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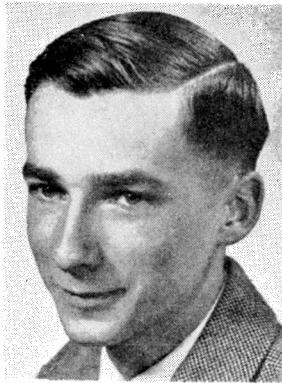
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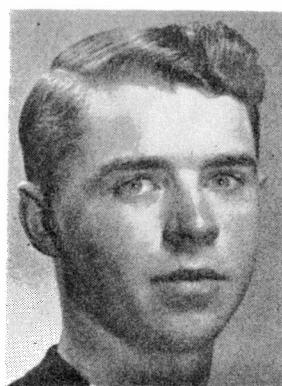
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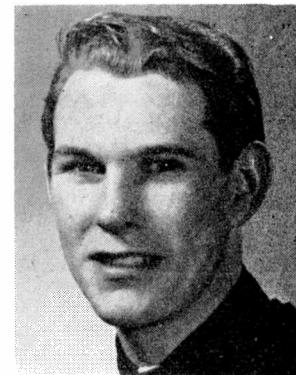
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MISS WALKER

MR. WATSON



A Message from
THE PRINCIPAL



Truly we have a great heritage. Canada is a wonderful country and has many natural resources — our wheatfields of the west, our oil wells, our coal fields, our mineral wealth, our waterways for navigation, our waterfalls that have been harnessed to aid the hand of man. People of other lands have viewed this Dominion with envious eyes.

In Sarnia we have a fine city situated in the chemical valley of Canada, bordering on the great sea lane of North America, a city of strategic importance.

In the S. C. I. and T. S. we have a school with a great tradition; we have a well equipped building, quite modern despite its 25 years of age. We are governed by a Board of Education, the individual members of which are keenly interested in the youth of our city and give generously of their time and experience for the benefit of all who attend our schools. We have a highly qualified staff whose members are devoted to the welfare of the students who come under their care. In this school are offered a variety of courses and student activities to meet the needs and interests of all.

Students, what are you doing with these great opportunities that the citizens of Sarnia have placed at your disposal? Are you making the best of them? Sarnia needs good citizens, proud of its institutions, alert to better them. Canada needs men and women of vision and courage who will strive to prepare this country for its magnificent future. Students, this is your challenge. Look ahead. Select a high ideal and do your best to live up to it.

ALEX SINCLAIR, M.A.,
Principal.

10



N.F.C.V.I. "Vox Studentium": Niagara Falls.

A well-arranged magazine. Your cartoon section headings brought many laughs, especially the sketch of the teaching staff. Also worthy of praise are your photographs and snap pages. Keep up the good work.

Patterson Collegiate "Patrician": Windsor.

Your snaps, "Giggle Sheet" and "Social . . . Slander" attracted our attention.

F. W. C. I. "Oracle": Fort William.

The "Oracle Personals" are the outstanding feature. We also liked your novel idea, "The Exchange Restaurant". A complete and well-edited year book.

Tweedsmuir Senior Public School, "Trumpeter": Hamilton.

Although this magazine is the work of public school pupils, the editors have achieved greater success than many collegiate publications. Your cover is an eye-catcher and the photographs of school activities are exceptionally good.

Fettes Collage "Fettesian": Edinburgh, Scotland.

We found this rather formal report on Scottish school life enjoyable. The clubs and athletics seem much the same as those in Canadian high schools. Photographs of school activities would be interesting to foreign readers.

Scott Collegiate "Echoes": Regina.

Class photographs and form news are interesting. An enlarged literary section and more humour would improve the magazine.

McMaster University "The Silhouette": Hamilton.

A typical school paper, with reports on world affairs, university news, sports, and social activities. "It's a Date" and "Help Wanted" are excellent and helpful ideas.

W.C.V.S. "Oracle": Woodstock.

One of the best! From cover to cover everything is complete and well arranged with excellent editorials, photographs, and snap pages.

St. C.C.I. "Vox Collegiensis": St. Catharines.

We suggest you print the names of the students shown under your photographs for the benefit of outsiders. Also more humour would brighten up your magazine.

Delta Collegiate "Lampadion": The grad and literary sections and some fresh humour highlight this year book. This piece of advice appeals to us. "Even if you are on the right track, you'll get run over if you just sit there."

P.C.V.S. "Echoes": Peterborough.

Your striking cover takes the prize for originality. We enjoyed your fine literary section and "C'est a Rire. We hope to see this year's effort."

Humberside Collegiate "Hermes": Toronto.

Art and photography by the students are unusually good and a new idea for year books. Grad section and informal snaps of the staff were also noticeable. We feel that a literary section would round out your magazine and balance the large sports section.

University of Western Ontario "Ocidentalalia": London.

Another excellent university publication. This photographic review gives an interesting picture of life at Western and affiliated colleges. We congratulate you on the original section headings and your striking cover.

These magazines are being placed in the school library in order that any students who are interested may read them.

Dalhousie University "Gazette": Halifax, N.S.

Most noticeable in this university paper are the editorials, especially the one concerning racial tolerance, the poetry, and reports on university activities.

University of Toronto Schools "The Twig": Toronto.

Another outstanding magazine. The literary section surpasses all others we've read. Graduating class news, sports section, and photography all deserve high praise.

Watson's College "Watsonian": Edinburgh, Scotland.

Another book from Scotland with interesting news of school organization and sports. Humour is conspicuously absent.



Comments by the Editor

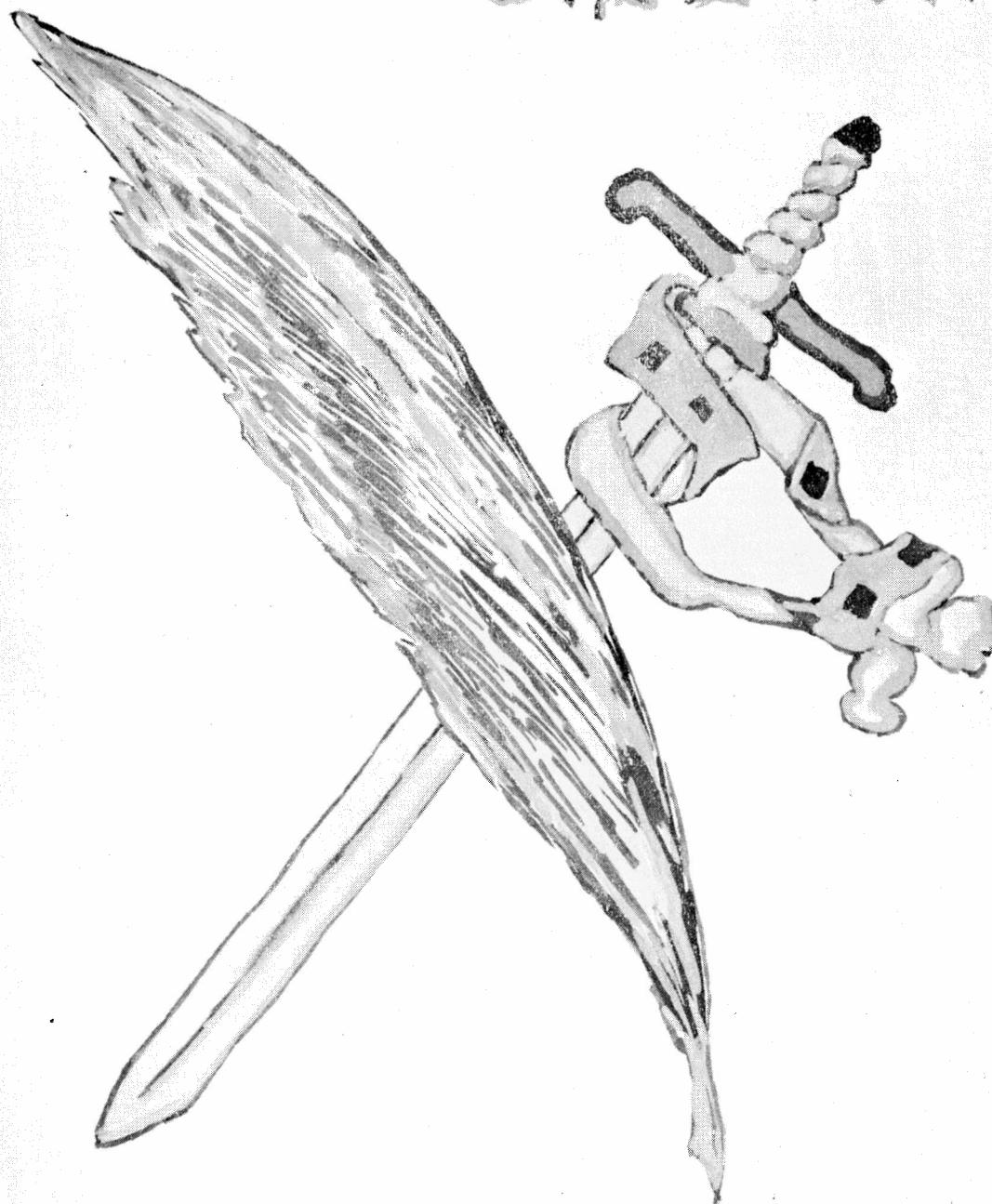
This first issue of the "Ad Astra Annual" marks the 33rd year of publication of the school magazine. The traditional name, "Collegiate", which originated at the London Road School before the Commercial and Technical departments became so prominent, fails to convey the true nature of the institution which it now aims to serve. It was for this reason that the magazine board conducted a contest for the purpose of securing a new title. "Ad Astra Annual" was considered by the board as the best suggestion, but the final decision for adopting the present name rested with the students. It is my hope that the name will persist, and that under this title the magazine will enjoy many prosperous years.

As always, a magazine of this type is indebted to many, but there are several that deserve special thanks. We are grateful to Miss Walker and Mr. Watson for their assistance as staff advisors; to Mr. Konkle, our treasurer and to the English teachers who co-operated in supplying material. We appreciate the contributions made by the girls of C-12 and of the Commercial Office who did our typing, and the Drafting Specialists of T-12 who blocked the advertisements.

The prizes this year are numerous. The winners in the following departments are:

Name	Lois Soper
Literature	Eila Kuosmanen, Julia Phillips
Science and Travel	Jean Randall, Betty Austin
Poetry	Lois Soper, Carol McIntyre
Music	George Langmyhr, Dorothy Bowd
Photography	Jim Flynn
Cover	Arthur Mustard

"The Pen
is mightier than
The Sword"



Literature

NAHES STOKES

The Temple of Bast

I sit here trying not to think about those staring eyes of Bast. To-night will be my last night on earth, for to-night I shall die, because death is my reward. To help pass the few remaining hours until midnight, the hour the old year and I shall die, I will try to write down how it all began, although this flickering candle isn't the best light.

Early in December I had accompanied my father to Egypt on his assignment of deciphering the hieroglyphics found on a newly discovered door of a temple. The trip out into the desert was short; all the time my mind saw visions of a beautiful marble temple, or some equally impressive structure. These thoughts were rudely shaken when I beheld the partly covered dark door leading into a bank of sand. Around the door was a cluster of archaeologists who were busy clearing away the sand trying to get it free. As I stood there watching, many thoughts raced through my mind—what was in there?—was it a temple?—to what god was it dedicated?—what did those strange marks mean? If I had known what was to happen I wouldn't—but I'm getting ahead of myself.

The next few weeks passed tediously. Every day more of the huge doorway was uncovered. The signs were very distinct and soon my father had them all translated. The temple, the hieroglyphics stated, was the place of worship for those who held the goddess of the heavens as their patron goddess. She would take the form of a cow or a cat as she chose; this temple was hers in her cat form. The Temple of Bast! Under the statement was a warning 'Beware to those who wish to harm the temple. Death will come to whoever destroys or steals anything pertaining to Bast.'

The warning only aroused my curiosity more keenly; I had to see the inside of the temple but the door was still sealed. On the evening of the

third day after the ominous translation had been pondered by all, everyone voted that the tomb should be opened the following morning.

That night I was so overcome with curiosity that I waited till everyone was asleep and slipped out to the temple. I tugged at the huge door, and at last it was open wide enough to let me enter. I thought I heard a slight shuffling, but shrugged it off as I slipped into the sepulchral room. A chill crept over me as I peered into the inky blackness, only broken at the other end of the room by a faint greenish glow. My feminine curiosity overcame my better judgment and I started toward the light. Suddenly I saw it! I stifled a scream as a huge black cat loomed above me. It was the large statue of Bast. I laughed shakely at my fears of this black Egyptian goddess. Then the shuffling began again. I glanced around but saw nothing. I looked back at the cat. When I tore my eyes from the enormous statue I saw two smaller replicas one on either side of Bast. These two fascinated me and I reached out to pick up the one on the left. The emerald eyes seemed to flash. As I started to pick it up a cold gust of air accompanied by a wailing sound whistled about my ears. I shuddered and placed the statue down; at once silence reigned. My imagination's working overtime I mused, and started to pick it up again when something seemed to push me down. I was afraid to look up, not knowing what I would see. Nothing moved. I bolstered up my courage and raised my eyes. I saw an empty space where I had expected to see someone or something. It must be my nerves; I must leave before I lose my senses. I rose slowly and ran out, frightened and shaken. Later, crawling into my bed, I promised myself never to go into the temple again.

But in a few days my fears had vanished and I entered the temple for the second time. Seeing it in the daylight I laughed at my petty fears of

the night. Still, as I approached the altar, the same chill crept over me. My imagination again — I scolded myself. I leaned over and picked up the small statue on the left — it seemed to writhe and shake in my hand, and my fingers loosened automatically, dropping the statue to the stone floor, shattering it into a thousand pieces. A low moan seemed to spring up from nowhere and has followed me ever since. The large cat, as I looked at it horrified, appeared to shudder convulsively. How I got out of the temple I'll never know.

The broken statue, when found, at once set the camp in an uproar; the native porters cried that now disaster would follow and the guilty one would die within three days.

I have finished my tale. Wait—that moan that has followed me since that day is fading away. That means only one thing! That rustle — what was it? It sounded like something opening the tent flap. The shadow — no — no.

The next morning in the dead girl's tent nothing of importance was found. No clue to her death except a few sheets of charred paper onto which a burning candle must have fallen. The death was officially said to be accidental.

Yet inside the temple the cat smiles, and on her left paw is a spatter of blood.

Eila Kuosmanen, 12C



The Stranger

The children had been playing happily in the spacious yard before the rambling old farmhouse. As the sun slid behind the crest of a distant hill, Beverley said to her little brothers, "Let's ask Mommy for a story," and they clamoured into the house.

"Mommy," cried Danny, "will you tell us a story, will you please, Mommy? Beverley said you would." A pair of deep, sad eyes searched those of the pleading youngster.

"What will I tell them," the mother pondered, "of my Mother? Perhaps they are too young — but no, I was Beverley's age at the time." A tear slid unheeded down the young mother's cheek. Her eyes softened. Her eyes softened, "I'll tell you a story, dears," she smiled and, lifting the baby into her arms, she led the way to the sofa.

When the other three youngsters were settled and comfortable, the story began. "This is about a little girl, Beverley, just your age—a little girl with deep, blue eyes and golden-brown curls." The mother sighed, pushed a stubborn curl from her forehead and began.

"Once there was a little girl named Patsy. She lived on a farm with her father, and was as happy as any child could have been without a mother's love. When Patsy was just a baby, her mother had left her in the hands of a competent nurse, and had set out for the death-bed of her only sister. But, as the little girl learned in later years, her mother never reached her destination because of a cruel train-wreck on the way. Patsy's father did his best to make up to his child the lack of her parent, and he painted a vivid picture of the beautiful woman who had been her mother.

At this time many miles away, a woman lay in a mental hospital. She saw nurses talking to each other, shaking their heads sadly, then walking on to other beds. What did it all mean?

When the long nights come, she cried into the darkness, "Who am I? How did I get here? Why do you keep me?" When she was calm people came to see her, people seeking a lost daughter, or a friend, and always they were disappointed. "Oh, God, I don't belong," she would cry in anguish.

A period of seven years gradually passed, and at last this poor woman found herself well enough to leave the hospital. The authorities gave her a name and she went out to make an honest living.

It chanced one icy day as she hurried to work, that she slipped and fell, striking her head on the pavement. When she regained consciousness a woman with a baby in her arms stood looking down. "Can I help you?" asked this woman kindly, "I saw you fall and hurried to you as fast as I could." But the woman on the pavement wasn't listening. The baby! now she remembered! Swiftly a host of blotted memories flooded the mind of this amnesia victim.

"Oh, I'm all right now, I think," she said, struggling to her feet. "I'm rather shaken though." Meanwhile anxiety tugged at her heart. "Home! I must get home to baby Patsy! How long have I been away? Seven years in that dreaded hospital, three years at work; oh, I must get home, Patsy will be a big girl now, how much I have missed!" Thus Patsy's mother began the long pilgrimage to the home from which she had been torn. Every step must be on foot because of fear of a train paralysed her and there was no other means of travel in this desolate area.

One sunny afternoon Patsy went out to the wheat field to help her father stack grain. She stood a moment peering over the crest of the hill; someone was slowly approaching. The next time Patsy turned from her work, a beggarwoman stood by her side. She trembled from the heat, and her feet were torn and bleeding. "Can you give me a drink from the well?" she gasped.

"I haven't time for beggars," said the thoughtless girl.

"Oh darling," cried the suffering woman, "a drink . . . only a . . . dr . . ." then fell in a faint at the poor girl's feet.

The girl, frightened, called her father. "A beggarwoman has fainted here, Daddy," she said. The man hurried up and he looked at the body of the fallen woman. "Amy!" he cried, slipping to his knees, "Amy, one word!" But life had fled.

Meanwhile Patsy sobbed out, "Mother, had I known . . . !"

Her father took Patsy in his arms and said, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Hebrews 13:2

Julia Phillips, 13A



On the Way to London

At long last the game-day with South has come and we are all ready to set out on one of our many invasions of London.

At the last minute who comes rushing out of the blue, biting his knuckles, than the one and only, (you guessed it) coach Newell himself. He shouts out the usual war cry, "Where are the water-boys?" If you happen to glance towards the "Cosy Cove" you are apt to see Alpine or Whistler, our truant water-boys, strolling along munching an ice-cream cone as usual.

Then we get the cue from Humphrey Mattingly up in the co-pilot's seat that we have blue skies and fair weather ahead. But what! Is it? Yes it is! McCae's conducting his weekly session in the back of the bus and is filling his team-mates' little minds with all sorts of strange parables.

Four-score or so yards past Birch Creek, we are met with the usual problem of holding Smith in his seat as he (frantically) tries to point out their barn with Beulah grazing out in the back 50.

The singing reaches its full height, and through this roar one can faintly hear a soft-throated tenor striving to deliver the familiar strains of the "Tree-in-the-Ground," while in the middle of the bus the other Glaab is trying to teach his quartet the correct version of "K-K-K-Katie." Then somebody gets the bright idea of singing together, so the first melody we sing is Schmo's second movement of the "Schnozz-Blower."

This is terminated by an abrupt thud and we find to our amazement that we are at the "Pearly-Gates" of Labatt's Park. Now comes the mad rush for the dressing room and we feel the butterflies slowly awaken in our stomachs as we think of the "kick-off."

As we finally take to the field we are encouraged on by our fellow team-mates, "Go in there fighting lads. Keep your chins up, have no fear. Soper and I will keep a good guard on the water-bottles!"

Randel Williams, 12B



The First Days of the War

The following article, which appears in its original form, was written by Pauline Venderperk who emigrated from Holland last June. With only one year of formal study in English, and a few months in Canada she has produced this commendable essay. Good work, Pauline. Would that I could grasp a foreign language with the same alacrity. A.T.S.

It was still dark on the early morning of May 10th when I awoke by the sound of planes flying over. I was used to hearing that because there was an aerodrome two miles from our house. But this sounded different as if hundreds of planes were in the air. I got up and went downstairs where I found Mom and Dad listening to the radio. They didn't look up when I entered, but their faces didn't predict much good. Then I heard the voice of the radio announcer, full of anger: "German parachute troops are landing everywhere in our small country. Our boys are having a hard time to get rid of them. We had to give up several places in Eastern Averysel and Limburg and still parachute troops are landing." He said a lot more but I ran upstairs, woke my sisters up and told them what was happening. We got dressed and looked at the parachutes coming down. At once I saw some parachutes which caught my eyes. "Dad, look quick, there, horses

are coming down and motorbikes and . . ."

"Yes," he said. "They are dropping all their equipment by parachute." A group of Dutch soldiers turned in our street, they looked dirty and dead tired. We gave them food and drinks and on they went again. They spread out in the little park at the end of our short street. Everybody went inside, because the shooting became fiercer. White, little clouds were whirling between the trees. Here and there a strange uniform could be seen. Bombers came roaring down and bombed the aerodrome which in no time was a ruin.

The "Jan van Gaelen," a destroyer, just home from the East Indies, sent hundreds of shells into the air. He shot down 36 heavy bombers, before he got a direct hit himself and finally sank. It was about 11 o'clock when the Germans were master of the left part of the city. If they now only could get across the bridge, they would be master of the whole city. The Germans allowed us to come out to get some food. Everywhere along the street were dead soldiers lying, but also some civilians. The Tunnel under the river was not finished yet, so we used it for shelter, whenever the sirens whistled. Late that afternoon there was an airbattle. A single Dutch fighter plane came over heading West. Almost immediately five Messerchmidts came tumbling out of the clouds, and went after it. It dived and circled to get rid of them. But they closed it in. Suddenly it dropped about 100 feet and went up again with such a speed that the Germans were surprised, but just one moment, then they roared after it again, hanging on its tail, up and down they went, they chased it in a circle around and around. At once the engine of the Dutch plane stopped, the nose was burning. It was lost. Five minutes later it was nothing more than a wreck.

Two days passed, three days passed, the Germans couldn't get across the

bridge. The marines were fighting like everything. Then in the afternoon of May 14th the blitz started. In thirty minutes they bombed away almost half of the city. Sixteen churches were bombed and also the cathedral "St. Laurens," the pride of Rotterdam, built in about 1400. The city burned almost a week. It was just a sea of flames. In the evening it could be afternoon, at 4:30 High Commander Winkleman of the Dutch troops gave orders to cease fire because the Germans threatened to bomb Amsterdam and Utrecht just the same as they did Rotterdam. As a lot of people had lost their lives in Rotterdam, he wouldn't sacrifice any more lives, so he capitulated. But he said: "Some day Netherland will rise again as a free nation." And it did, thanks to the Allies.

Pauline Vanerperk 11A



A Famous Duet

The two characters that I am going to describe, may or may not have existed. The woman in question had many other suitors who came to her home to ask for her head, for, if they looked at her, even once, they never looked at another woman. She possessed a strange power of turning hearts to stone.

Percy, the handsome hero, began a wooing campaign in a somewhat different manner than usual. He flew around outside her window and serenaded her with "Snakes get in your Eyes."

This song affected the maiden differently than had other encounters with men. She would listen to him for hours and murmur,

"Oh Percy, you slay me."

Of course this story has a happy ending for, according to one of the most reliable Latin textbooks, Perseus slew Medusa and lived happily ever after with his wife.

Mary Lou Park, 11C

Canto IV.

"Oh! that the Desert were my dwell place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!"

This extract is taken from "The Ocean" which is only a section of Canto IV of Childe Harolde's Pilgrimage by Lord Byron. It is a delightful display of cynicism which was Byron's greatest characteristic. It is generally conceded by biographers that he was an odious, vengeful, sullen, case for psychologists who displayd only periodic spasms of affection for lovely women or the lovable Shelley. The world hated his creation, why should he deign to be at the same level with mankind. Even in his display of heroism in helping Greece obtain her freedom, was only a vain attempt to ultimately become a despot himself. He had no moral ethics, no religion, no friends, no peace of mind. The genius for beauty was deeply embedded, yet he feared any outward display of a tender side in his nature. This would be weakness. He feared weakness.

A great deal of his makeup was a dash of his heredity. His mother fondly upbraided him, "oh you little dog, you are a Byron all over." Her denunciation was in all reality a sincere condemnation of not the boy, but his father. It was common knowledge that "Mad Jack," as Captain John Byron was known, had married Miss Catherine Gordon of Gight for her property and subsequent funds. He was made for ruination. When she was no longer of any financial use, handsome Captain Jack ran off with a lady of nobility to squander her fortune. After Byron's birth, his father lived on the same street, taking whatever she earned and never seeing his son. Yet the Gight lineage was nothing of which to be proud. The name and lands dated back to Princess An-

ABELLA Stuart, sister of James II. Throughout the generations the name was tainted with murder, assassination, suicide, and last but not uncommon, the gallows. Crime and tragedy tore at every Gight doorstep. Sons killed fathers. Wives stabbed husbands, yet, the Gights were proud, noble Scots. Catherine Gordon of Gight made certain that her young son was extensively schooled in his stormy heritage. No morbid detail was spared. Morally, mentally Byron was a Gordon. Physically he was the handsomest and most winning of the Byrons. He also was made for destruction of the opposite sex.

In grade school he was referred to as "Mrs. Byron's crookit deevil." He was moody, sullen, and spiteful. He gave way to frequent ebullitions of unrestrained and frantic passion. Instead of playing cops and robbers, he would remain in his room thinking of torturous tricks to spring on his fellow students. He never showed any affection for anyone, even his emotional mother, with one exception. This exception was an unnamed schoolmaster who allowed young Byron to study Cicero and Virgil translation. This was before he was even ten years old, and, at this time, his Calvinistic nurse sent him to a quack to mend his lameness. The ultimate result was the permanence of a club foot which embittered him for life.

The doom of an ill-fated race hung over him. He had inherited violence of temper and passion, pride of nobility humiliated by poignancy of poverty, and had endured the physical and mental agony of a lifetime.

"There is no house that suddenly produces ,
Monster or demi-god, but from succession
Of evil or good, there issues forth
Some birth of horror, or some great
world's joy."—Goethe.

Barbara Biddlecomb, 13B

Day Dream of a 10B Pupil

He was walking down a winding stream, watching Henry VIII and his wives, who were having trouble in controlling hundreds of flying ants, which were trying to prevent the tail fin of the whale from spreading out and bending upward, jumping Pythagorus and his theorem and flying away on the wings of a grasshopper, gaily decked with worn-out question marks. So engrossed was he with this scene, that he did not notice his head filling slowly with helium, until suddenly, the ground began to fall away from him. On his ascent he noticed a bacterium writing a letter on the head of a pin held tightly between its toes (if they have toes, if not, he was holding it with his other three hands). While amusing himself by bouncing around on the underside of a cloud, Miss X told him if he could figure out who Ralph Edwards was she would teach him how to multiply pronouns. He was so dismayed at this intriguing puzzle that he pinched his ear and let out the helium, which had made him so light-headed and cranium over clavicle he landed on his head. If you think this is the end — it is.

Jim Hamilton, 10B



An Old Nursery Rhyme with the New Look

I was told in a quiet, masterful way, which demands obedience, that I must write a composition, hence I've recorded a well known nursery rhyme. Take three deep breaths and proceed.

This is the domiciliary edifice erected by John.

This is the fermented grain which lay in the domiciliary edifice erected by John.

This is the obnoxious rodent which complete demasticated the fermented grain which lay in the domiciliary edifice erected by John.

This is the venomous feline who liquidated the obnoxious rodent which completely demasticated the fermented grain which lay in the domiciliary edifice erected by John.

This is the ferocious canine who vexed the venomous feline, who liquidated the obnoxious rodent which completely demasticated the fermented grain which lay in the domiciliary edifice erected by John.

This is the contented bovine with the protruding and slightly crooked bony growth who hurled into the air the ferocious canine, who vexed the venomous feline who liquidated the obnoxious rodent which completely demasticated the fermented grain which lay in the domiciliary edifice erected by John.

This is the young virgin, forsaken by all, who extracted the nourishing secretions of the contented bovine with the protruding and slightly crooked bony growth who hurled into the air the ferocious canine who vexed the venomous feline who liquidated the obnoxious rodent which completely demasticated the fermented grain which lay in the domiciliary edifice erected by John.

This is the adult male, poorly accoutred, who was much enamoured of the young virgin, forsaken by all, who extracted the nourishing secretions of the contented bovine with the protruding and slightly crooked bony growth who hurled into the air the ferocious canine who vexed the venomous feline who liquidated the obnoxious rodent which completely demasticated the fermented grain which lay in the domiciliary edifice erected by John.

This is the ecclesiastic, having recently patronized a tonsorial parlor, who joined in holy matrimony the adult male, poorly accoutred, who was much enamoured of the young virgin, forsaken by all, who extracted the nourishing secretions of the contented bovine, with the protruding and slightly crooked bony growth, who hurled into the air the ferocious canine, who

vexed the venomous feline, who liquidated the obnoxious rodent who completely demasticated the fermented grain which lay in the domiciliary edifice erected by John.

Nancy Mullin, 12A

★

A Quirk of Fate

The station door quietly opened and closed. The slow shuffling steps which followed notified me of the arrival of old Sam.

Sam, as faithful as a clock, came down each day to the station to see No. 29 go out. I never could grasp the emotions which swirled like waves back and forth across his face as he gazed with fond pride at the old engine. Although his steps were slower and his kind face lined with creases, he never seemed old to me because his spirit was as strong as his beloved engine.

I had become accustomed to his daily visits, and welcomed the chance to chat a little with him. Only yesterday he had told me the doctors had forbidden him to come to the station, because he insisted upon walking that long distance.

Sam smiled and took his usual seat by the window. His smile reminded me of the days when he was engineer of No. 29. He always waved as he slowly pulled out of the station, guiding his only love over the endless miles of tracks.

Sam had been the safest, most cautious engineer on the road, as his safety record for thirty-two years of service had shown. It had been a great loss both to the company and to Sam when he retired due to "faulty engine" as he described it.

I awoke from my reverie in time to see Sam collapse on the station floor. When I reached him he had half-smiled and said, "I guess she'll have to go out without me to-day."

Just after his body had been taken away I heard a train whistle. To my

surprise however, it was not the old "29" which thundered into the yard but a shiny new Diesel put on just that day to replace the slower coal-burner.

"Fate is not always unkind," I mused. "Sam and his engine went out together, even today."

Virginia Miller, 13B

★

"HE"

To you, I mean nothing. To this multitude of creatures steeped in folly and hatred, called men, I am now but a useless hulk of food-consuming, space-squandering flesh. However, tomorrow morning I must meet my Master. My friend, I was once great and learned. The words of Plato, Aristotle, Einstein and Freud flowed in my speech. But, tomorrow **he** will have killed me.

At seven o'clock on January nineteenth, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-two, I placed my trembling finger upon the door-bell and timorously pushed it. The maid opened the door, and after having informed her of my business, she reluctantly allowed me to enter his home.

"You'll find 'im in 'is lab," she snorted.

"Yes, I thank you," I said softly.

"Hmph," she muttered and having cast a suspicious glance at my briefcase, she left me alone in the dreary solitude of his home.

I had always dreaded his presence and now that I was in his home that dread took command of limb and brain. I found myself straining to hear his voice; to detect any sign of him. It was as if I were going before a dread tribunal.

"No, you should not yield to such base expressions of fear," I told my quivering form. I argued with my corporal allies, I told them, or at least I tried to convince them, that he was only a man.

The house was completely dark. Ahead of me, in the oppressive gloom, I heard a low, rhythmic ticking. The

sound became louder and louder as I continued to walk along the hallway. Then, it was beside me. Freezing fingers of ice gripped me in their tentacles. Suddenly fear departed! There at my side stood an aged grandfather clock. My own mind, made unstable and thrown into confusion by fear, was put to shame by this phlegmatic old man of time. No fear could cause his aged brow to wrinkle with terror.

I moved along the black path. Suddenly a furry form, warm and endowed with corporal motion, brushed against me. I started. My whole form tingled and shivered with tremors of dread. The flight of the stealthy feline was symbolic of how all creatures had fled from my Master, but I was drawn irresistibly toward him. At last, ahead of me, I saw an eerie, ghastly light. Coloured spots and globes of blue and gold played and danced before my terror-stricken eyes. My throat was dry and hot. My God! I almost cried aloud with fear.

I peered into his study. He stood over one of his cadavers. He did not notice me. I dared not speak. I could not speak. A musty odour of death clung to every breath of air. He suddenly broke into ear-splitting shrieks of laughter.

"I have you! . . . I have you! I conquered you DEATH. . . . Now who is master eh?" he cried deliriously.

Then, for some reason, I know not what, he turned and stared straight into my eyes.

"Well, Doctor, you have come?" he said, his mouth forming a smile of intense hatred.

"Yes, sir, I have come to inform you of your release from the staff of the University. Your experiments were too"

"Too great for idiots — too great for poor brains? They are too magnificent for mortals!" he shrieked.

"Well no," I stammered.

"All right, when my position is gone, I must also go. Take this book and read every word contained therein," he said.

In the weird light of the room, he assumed grotesque features. His eyes were piercing and blue. His skin was as white as an angel's robe. His hair was black and thinning at the temples. He was only a young man, but in the shadow of every wrinkle on his face were scars of past conflicts with his own body and soul.

His eyes turned to the scalpel. He removed his jacket and placed it upon a chair. He deliberately, with the cold calmness of all the demons of Hades, plunged that instrument into his breast. The glittering blade parted the fibres of his shirt and silently slipped into his thin, now pitifully young breast. He fell to the floor. Perspiration stood out upon his brow. His eyes, so blue and piercing, stared in agonized silence. Then, his lips parted and he gasped, "It is just . . . It . . . it . . . just . . . do . . . do . . . please . . . do . . . not . . . ohhhh."

I stood transfixed by horror, as a tiny red line of blood began to blossom out into a shroud-like cape. In many ways, he looked like a mighty fallen general.

Time is drawing short, my friend. The river must not be kept waiting. I read that book. In it were experiments which defied every human spirit of comprehension and religion. I destroyed the book, for in it lay the ghastliest records made by man in defiance of the cosmic splendour of the immortal God. Those horrible records have killed my spirit and now I must kill the rest. The river will be pleasant after the horror of Dr. Albert Kahn, pathologist and madman.

J. Whitfield, 13A



The Family Car and I

On the whole, "the family car and I" get along fairly well. If the truth be known, the only thing standing between me and the family car is the family.

I am of the opinion that they all wake up each morning with but one

thought in mind, and that is that I should not be permitted even to so much as wrap my eager digits around the steering wheel for the next twenty-four hours unless some dire exigency (such as death in the family) should arise.

I cannot imagine what it is about my driving that has so alienated my parents' confidence in me, but I can remember that ever since I first gazed myopically at that machine and implored my father to teach me how to drive, the merest linking of myself and the car has seemed like anathema to him. The man just doesn't trust me.

Of course, this distrust has been fostered by certain indiscretions on my part, but after all, they were only the harmless doings of a callow youth. I think that it is my father's duty to be more tolerant with me. The fact that I dented the right front fender while endeavouring to negotiate a tree and a telephone pole last summer shouldn't bear too much weight for the simple reason that the tree and the telephone pole wouldn't have been standing so close to the curb if the city had been planned properly in the first place.

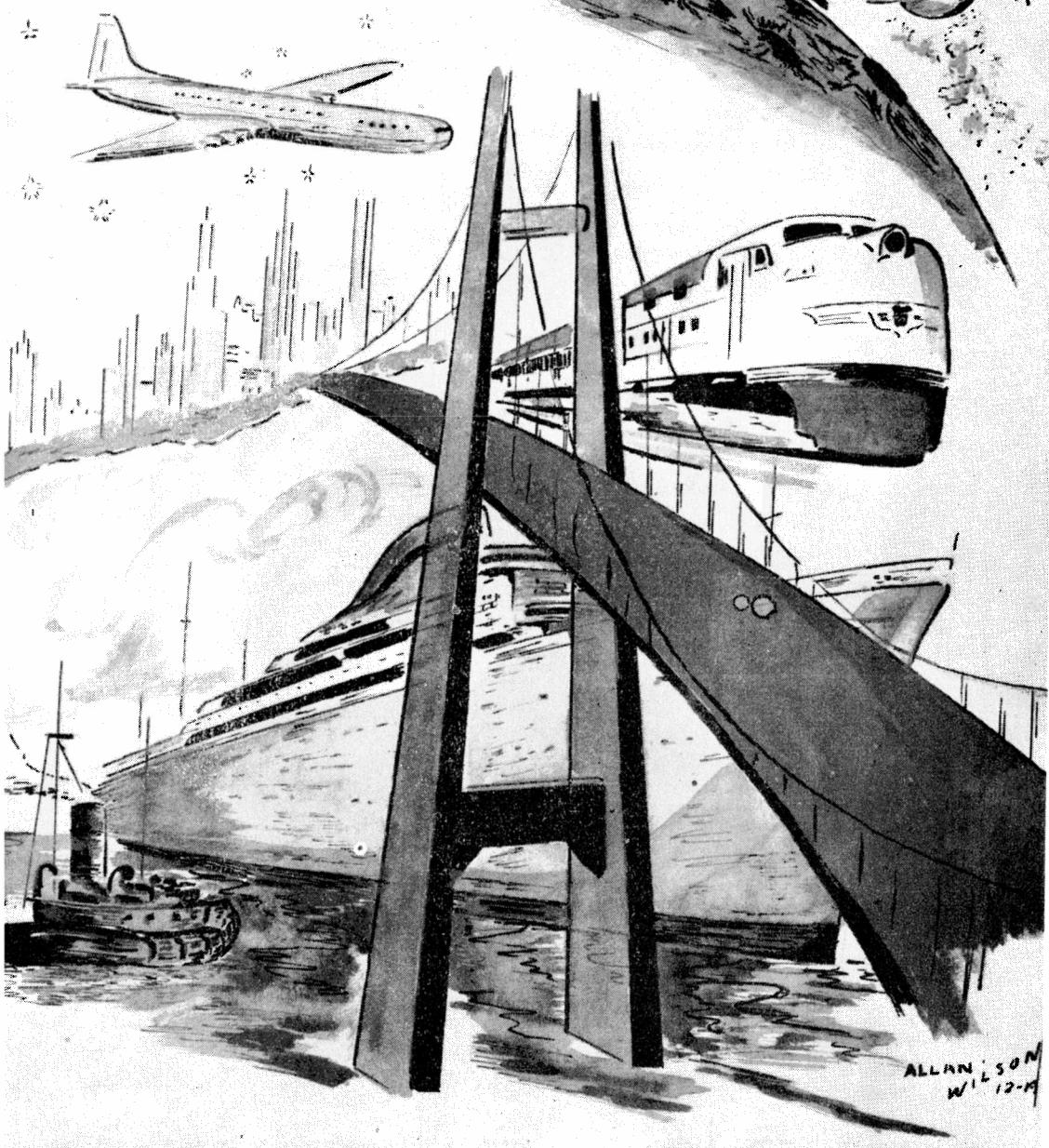
Naturally over a period of years I have conceived numerous tricks to obtain the vehicle. A prime example is the golf course dodge. However, when I don't get home until twelve P.M. the family knows that what I've been playing for the last five hours hasn't been golf!

Another crafty bit of whimsy is the errand dodge or "double cross", in which mother is informed that I'm going down town on an errand for father, and father is told that I'm going for mother. Inevitably, however, this leads to disaster, as the two of them get together before long, to plan a warmish reception for me.

Nevertheless, I have every hope that some day my parents will realize the folly of their ways and allow "the family car and I" to become much closer friends.

Jim Wright 13A

TRAVEL



ALLAN WILSON
WILSON

A Holiday Paradise

It is really surprising how different the country looks to you when you are only a few miles from home. For instance, last summer I went on a short trip to Georgian Bay, and the surrounding land was so different that it amazed me, even though I was only three hundred miles from home. Now, perhaps you would be interested in some of the places that I saw on that trip.

The land surrounding Sarnia is very level and the earth is fine, sometimes even sandy. The land up around Owen Sound is so rocky that it is a mystery to me how the early farmers ever tilled the land. These are not just pebbles, but great, huge rocks. The farmers have added to the general beauty of their farms by building stone fences around each field. You cannot imagine how beautiful it is to look down on these farms from the surrounding hills and see the verdant fields separated by the long, grey stone walls. At one place along the road to Wiarton, the rock layers rise on either side of the road to a height of about twenty feet, like huge sentinels guarding the King's Highway.

Something else that we found on our little journey was the falls at Eugenia. Few people have ever heard of Eugenia Falls because Niagara Falls are known all over, thus gathering all the fame and no one has time to visit little Eugenia Falls. The crystal, clear water rolls over the cliff and drops to the rocks below in seething fury. Then there is a little pool in which the water rests before crashing on down, on the rest of its journey. There is a drop of about seventy-five feet in all.

A few more beauties of this district are the Scenic Caves near Owen Sound. These caves are situated in a part of the Blue Mountain Ridge, known better as the Niagara Escarpment. To reach the caves you must climb a good, steep path to the guide's cabin. The guide does not live in this

cabin because it was built years ago by an Indian. It now resembles a tiny museum in which you will find many stuffed birds and animals decorating the crude shelves or glass cases which have been moved there to hold the specimens. Then you meet the old, white-headed guide, who takes you on the little journey through the caves. He has built ladders and many other devices to make the tour safe even for the tiniest child. First you walk over the caves on the many trails left by the Indians in the days of yore, and the guide shows you crevices and caves which you will later enter. From the heights of the mountain you scramble down to the depths of the caves. Down, I do not know how far, for I was about one hundred feet below the surface and it became so dark that I went no farther. Here you see bears' dens, great rocks poised at perilous angles overhead, seventy-five foot trees growing in two inches of soil, ferns that you will never see in a florist shop, snow and frost glistening on the rocks in June and July. I warn you, take a jacket when you visit these caverns, for at the deepest point the temperature remains at forty degrees on the hottest summer day. Then when the Indian's cabin is reached once more, your guide will invite you to have a cool drink from the little spring which bubbles up from the rocks at his back door.

Do you wonder that we regretted having to leave these new haunts when we had so recently found them? I still believe, and I am sure that you will agree with me, that there is no greater magician than Mother Nature.

Betty Austin, 16



A Trip to the Detroit Zoo

Early Saturday morning we left for Detroit. After we had arrived there, we walked through a few stores, then decided we would like to visit the Detroit Zoological Park.

At an Information Booth we asked how to get to the Zoo and approximately how long it would take to travel there. Once this information was procured we took the street car to the end of its line, boarded a bus and arrived at our destination. At the Zoo we discovered that we could have taken a bus from downtown, without making a change.

As soon as we arrived at the Zoo, we boarded the miniature train made up of a locomotive and seven coaches for carrying passengers. As this train travelled through the Park grounds, the squeals of delight and excitement from the children deafened us. We got off at one of the picturesque railroad stations named after an important geographical region of the world, and began walking back through the Park.

One of the amazing things at this zoo is that the animals are not in ugly wire cages, or behind iron bars, but are confined by deep moats which prevent the animals from escaping or harming visitors. This gives you an unobstructed view and you can more fully appreciate how the animals live in their native lands. Before us we saw an African Veldt Scene transposed to the North American continent. In one section zebras, ostriches and lechwe waterbucks roamed about among the shady trees. Rocks formed the background for the lions which were stretched out, or moving with kingly grace. As the hippopotami had not been moved out of doors, because of the cold weather, we went into a building especially constructed for these animals. In the front was a pool and rocks sloped up towards the ceiling. There the hippopotami would open their gaping mouths to collect dozens of peanuts from the onlookers. Then they would submerge for about a minute and a half and come up looking for more. Outside once more, we walked on to see a tower of rock with many clefts in it with aoudad scampering up and down, and around. The giraffes were also inside then, so we

went in to see them. We felt quite small and insignificant beside these tall creatures.

We missed the performance of the trained chimpanzees, who rode bicycles, scooters, roller-skated or wrestled in the amphitheatre. However, we saw the monkey island where the monkeys climbed the dead trees, ran about or just sat.

When we visited the polar bears some were sitting on large slabs of rock while others paced back and forth, turning each time at the same place. We were greatly amused by the brown bears, because among them were two little cubs which tussled with each other or loped beside their elders. Many were watching these young animals because they were active and mischievous. Although we had seen only a small percentage of the animals, we realized we must leave for downtown, but we did not go before we had seen the Siberian tigers being fed.

The tigers were still inside in separate cages, as the weather was too cold for them. These sleek beauties growled and paced nervously in this confined space, for it was time for food. Two men brought with them a small cart loaded with huge hunks of raw flesh. At the bottom of each cage was a grill. Through this the caretaker would shove a long pronged fork with raw flesh on the end of it. Often a paw would swiftly snatch the meat before the fork was pushed in very far. Then the tiger would viciously tear the red flesh and devour it. The smell of raw flesh made the tiger jump on the bars of his cage, growl ferociously, and look very wild. At the end of this feeding we hastened to catch our bus.

Dinner and the trip home ended our interesting and exciting day, but it is a visit worth making, and we recommend it to anyone travelling to Detroit.

E. Rutherford, 13B

The Ad Astra Annual

Ottawa, Our Nation's Capital

In Ontario we are very lucky in having a large number of interesting cities and places to visit but, as a whole, the people of Ontario do not appreciate the opportunities for travel within their own province.

Probably, the most interesting city in Canada is Ottawa, our nation's capital. At first glance Ottawa is very much like other Canadian cities of the same size but, on a trip through Ottawa we see many things that help to set it apart from other cities.

When we enter Ottawa along the winding Rideau River with its many shallow places, at a distance we see the wooded rolling Laurentian foot-hills. The road passes the sprawling Dominion Experimental Farm, and begins to follow the old and historic Rideau Canal, built after the War of 1812. Bordering the canal right into the heart of the city is a system of parks and a scenic driveway. Very large as well as modest homes are built on the neat residential streets near the canal.

Near the centre of the city the fort-like Dominion Museum is located, a few blocks from this venerable water-way.

The road enters uptown Ottawa near Union Station. At the junction of the driveway with Wellington St., Ottawa's main street, there is a little island of green in a sea of traffic on which stands the white arch of the Canadian War Memorial to World War One. It was dedicated just after this war began. This little island is called "Confusion Circle" by the people of Ottawa because of the ever-present traffic jam.

If we turn to the left on Wellington Street, we see jumbled mediaeval towers and turrets mixed with the square shapes of modern buildings. After proceeding a block up the street, we come upon a long iron and stone fence. To our right and arising ma-

jestically beyond is the green parliament hill on which the stately parliament buildings tower. The Rideau canal ends its journey and enters the Ottawa River at Battery Park to our right at the bottom of the hill. Steeply from the side of the canal rises the huge bulk of the Chateau Laurier which looks like a genuine French castle. Far to the left other towered buildings can be seen dominated by the new, white Supreme Court Building.

As we climb the long walk to the main parliament building flanked on either side by the east and west blocks with their jumbled towers, we notice the great carved arch of the Peace Tower through which we pass. We enter the building through massive doors above which there is carved "The wholesome sea is at her gates, both east and west."

Within the parliament building, beautiful throughout with lace-like carved wood and stone, there is an atmosphere of great age although it was built quite recently including most modern developments for comfort and efficiency. The older library with its creaky floors and iron work has a Victorian air.

In the Peace Tower the most sacred spot in Canada is located. It is the memorial chamber to the dead of World War I. Everyone becomes silent when they enter this room. The sun slants down through fine stained glass windows on a block of English marble which holds the hand written Book of Remembrance. The names of all the men killed in the First World War are in the book. The walls of Belgian and French stone are carved with the exploits of these men. Above, the bells of the carillon ring out. There are sixty tons of bells, of which the largest weighs eleven tons. These bells can be heard for many miles in the little towns surrounding Ottawa.

After we leave the parliament buildings we may visit the Royal Mint; Rideau Hall, the residence of the gov-

ernor general; Laurier house, the home of the prime minister; or Earncliffe, the old house of Sir John A. MacDonald. The people of Ottawa are very sports minded and the city is dotted with recreational parks, tennis courts, and golf courses. The eastern part of the city is mostly French and there are many old churches.

Everywhere we go in Ottawa there are more different and interesting sights. Every Canadian, not only the people of Ontario, should have the opportunity to see these sights and visit Ottawa at least once in their lifetime.

Dave Kent, 11D.



A Glimpse of the Rockies

Leaving Sarnia about seven-thirty on the morning of July 26, 1947, we began a three week auto trip through fifty-three hundred miles of Western Canada and the United States. Although the whole trip will always live in my memory, space will not permit me to tell you of it all, so I will endeavour to tell you of the part I enjoyed the most.

As you come towards Lethbridge from the east, the land suddenly becomes green and you see corn and other green plants which you have missed all across the prairies. This is made possible by the irrigation system which they have constructed. You are so glad to see green plants that you forget to watch the horizon for the first glance of the mountains. Suddenly you look up and see the mountains in the distance. Your glance leads you to believe they are clouds but you know they are the great Rockies. From the first glance the Rocky Mountains were no disappointment to me.

As we drove from Lethbridge to Calgary, I watched them grow steadily closer. When we were at Calgary we were only about eighty-six miles from the low hills along the outside of the main range.

We spent the next day in Calgary. We visited all the big stores and had a very enjoyable time. As it drizzled all day, we were glad we were not driving along the unknown roads in the rain.

Early the next morning we left to drive to Banff. The land was fairly flat for the first few miles and then we gradually came into small hills which began to get higher and higher. When we drove into the mountains we were so busy looking ahead that we did not notice the gradual increase in the height of these hills. On our return trip, however, the gradual decrease in the altitude of the foothills was quite noticeable, and constituted our last remembrance of the Rockies.

The road wound round and round. Every so far there were posts with arrows pointing up to some nearby peak bearing the mountain's name. In places you could look out of the car window straight down into a deep valley. Very often there was nothing to stop a car from going over. This fact did not contribute to the peace of mind of the car's occupants.

About noon we arrived in Banff. We secured rooms for the night and then left to go to Lake Louise. The road was much the same only perhaps a bit more treacherous. About four o'clock we reached Lake Louise. The hotel there was very beautiful. It looks out across the lake facing the Victoria Glacier. There was a large swimming pool with glassed-in-walls but no roof. Adorning the top of the walls were boxes of beautiful flowers. The lawns are terraced down to the lake and one can enjoy a game of miniature golf here. The hotel, or chateau as it is called, is one of the most beautiful buildings that I saw during the whole of my trip.

We went on past Lake Louise to the Great Divide which is also the Alberta-British Columbia border. Here there is a stream which divides, and one fork goes to the Pacific and the other to the Arctic. Over the road at this point is a wooden gateway with

the names of the provinces on their respective sides. Not far past this point we felt we should turn around and go back to Banff or we should be driving after dark, something that none of us wished to do.

We spent the next day in Banff exploring the many small curio shops and the close points of interest. We visited the sulphur springs and saw the adjoining swimming pool. The next point of interest was the hot springs. We went swimming here. In this pool the water is one hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit and you are advised to stay in no longer than twenty minutes. After our novel swim we went to the Banff Springs Hotel. As we were dressed in slacks, considered not suitable by the management, they wouldn't allow us to go through it. There is also a pool in connection with the hotel but not nearly as beautiful as the one at Lake Louise.

While we were in Banff they were finishing the film on the Calgary Stampede. We wanted to see this but the guards would not allow us to pass.

In Banff there was also a little museum which was of great interest to us. A few of the interesting things it contained were stuffed animals, Indian crafts, collections of insects, and stones, and many more things which I have forgotten. There was a ledger to sign and we found names from all over the United States and Canada and even England.

About four o'clock that afternoon we left to go back to Calgary. I was truly sorry to leave the majestic cloud capped Rockies. However, time was growing short and we still had many miles to cover, so with heavy hearts we turned our faces eastward towards many new sights and home.

D. Dickenson, 13A



Daffynitions

An epistle is the wife of an apostle.

An antidote is a funny story that you have heard before.

To germinate is to become a naturalized German.

An invoice is another name for the conscience.

An oboe is an American tramp.

A polygon is a dead parrot.

A refugee keeps order at a football game.

A soviet is a cloth used by waiters in hotels.

Poetry is when every line begins with a capital letter.

A mountain range is a cooking stove used at high altitudes.

Rhubarb is a kind of celery gone bloodshot.

A litre is a nest of young puppies.

The logarithm of a given number is the number of times the given number must be squared in order that the given number may be equal to this number.

A circle is a line of no depth, running round a dot forever.

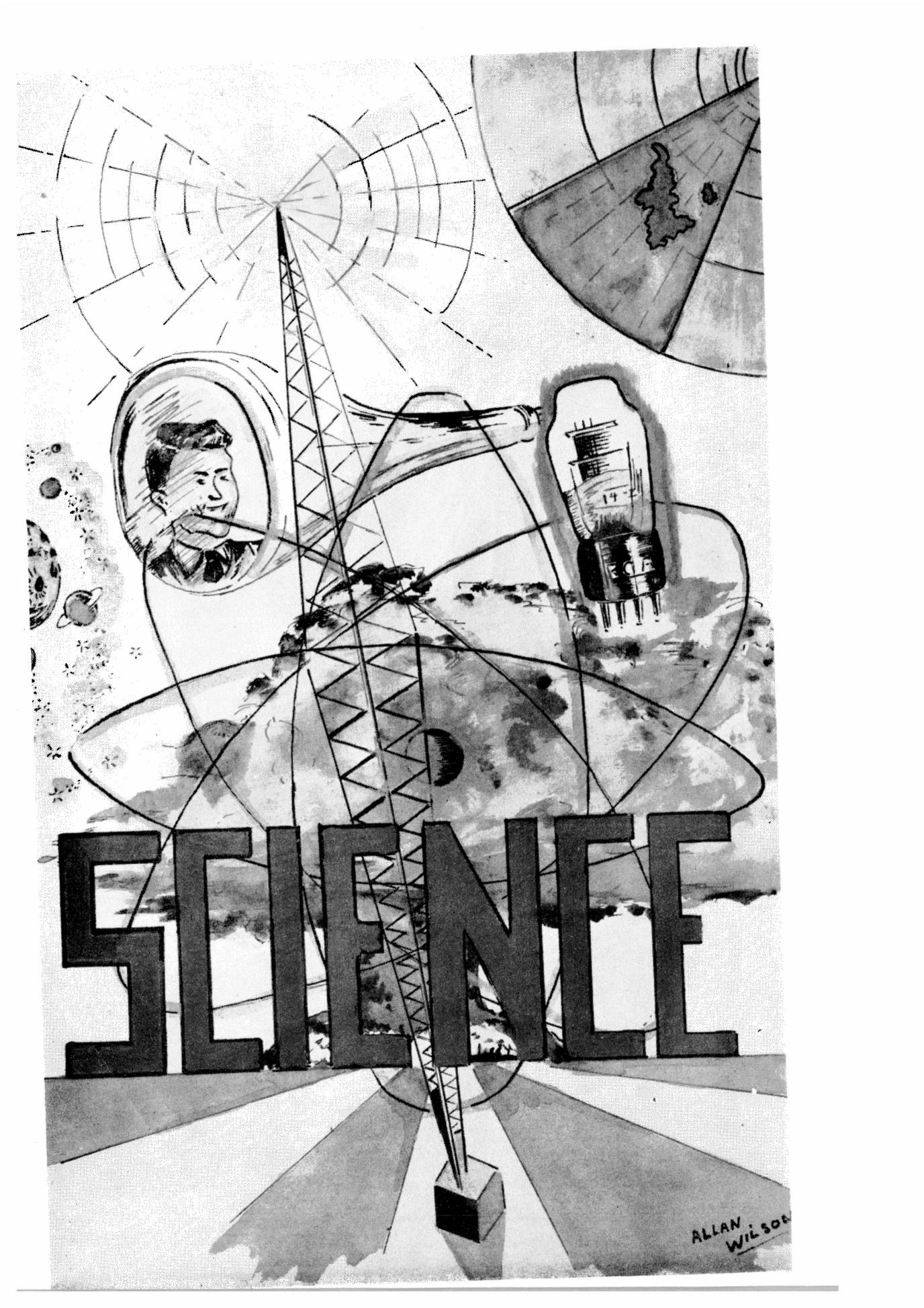
The objective of "he" is "she".

An island is a body of water with part of its bottom on top.

The prairies are vast plains covered with treeless forests.

The Ford is a fine car, with a good body, and excellent chaos.

A kiss is the anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction.



SCIENCE

ALLAN
Wilson

Paper From Pulp

Paper making is a subject about which much ink has been spilled. While much speculation has been indulged in by historians concerning the date of the first making of paper, it is fairly well established that the Chinese should have the credit of being the first inventors of paper. It is not true, however, that the Chinese were the first to make paper from rags. The credit for this belongs apparently to the Ancient Persians or the Arabians.

Very primitive methods were used in making paper, but today after many new and improved inventions, the pulp and paper industry is the most important manufacturing industry in the world. It leads all Canadian industries in net value of manufactured products, in distribution of salaries and wages, and in the number of employees. Of the Canadian industry approximately one-third is in the province of Ontario.

Now that we know the birth and value of paper, let us commence to take a sight-seeing tour through the mill of the "Ontario Paper Company." It is located in Thorold, Ontario, on the Welland Ship Canal which connects Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. The location of the Thorold mill affords many advantages. Chief of these are the exceptional facilities for water transportation to lake and ocean ports, excellent rail connections and its nearness to mighty Niagara Falls, where vast amounts of electricity are generated for many industries.

Wood, the basic raw material for paper may be delivered to the plant by rail or water, rough or barked, in either short or long lengths. The wood is measured on discharge from the ships. A part of it is conveyed directly to the mill for processing, a larger part is stored in piles for which there is ample space in the wood yard. When wood is required from the storage piles it is handled by a grab, called an "orange peel" because of its shape, to a conveyor which carries it to the wood room.

Here four foot lengths of wood are fed into large rotating drums, which are the same as barking drums. Here, the barking process is done in large slowly revolving drums in which the wood tumbles violently, the bark being loosened by rubbing and repeated blows from the other logs and the sides of the drums, and washed off by showers of water which are directed on the wood in the drum.

It then passes over a sorting conveyor from which wood is manually selected for the groundwood and the sulphite mill. Insufficiently cleaned wood is returned to the washing drums. Any wood which is unfit for pulp making is sent to the boiler house for use as fuel.

Groundwood is made by pressing the wood against a revolving grindstone. A water shower keeps the grinding surface flooded and prevents the wood being burned by the heat of friction. The pulp has to be screened to remove coarse slivers before it is suitable for paper manufacture. The sulphite cooking process is a more complicated method and I will not attempt to explain it.

Newsprint paper is made of a blend about eighty-five per cent groundwood pulp and about fifteen per cent sulphite pulp. This blend is diluted with water and then the mixture flows out through a slit like opening or "slice" on to an endless wire belt which is travelling at over a thousand feet per minute. Much of the water drains through this wire belt leaving a mat of fibres on top of the couch roll. This mat is the sheet of paper.

From the couch roll the sheet is conveyed by endless belts through three presses where more water is removed. From the third press the paper goes to the dryers which are a series of large rotation steam heated drums. In the dryer section the moisture content of the paper is reduced by evaporation. The paper then passes through the calendar stack, which is a series of steel rolls mounted vertically one above the other. These rolls

put a "finish" on the paper, the action being the same as that of ironing the weekly, household wash.

The paper is wound on a reel which takes the sheet the full width of the machine. When the paper has been wound up to a required diameter it is taken to a winder and there trimmed to required widths and carefully wound on cores. The trimming is done by disc slitters spaced at distances corresponding to the widths of rolls required by the newspaper. The rolls from the winder go to the finishing room and are checked. The accepted paper is wrapped for shipment with heavy paper, which is also made at Thorold. The rolls are then weighed and routed to paper storage, or directly to boats or freight cars for shipment to Chicago or New York.

Jean Randall 13B



Construction and Operation of a Dry Cell

Sometime in our life we find it necessary to generate a current of electricity for some reason or other, when a proper generator cannot be installed or obtained. A person in such a position generally uses and depends on a dry cell. Although this device is used day in and day out by many people, very few understand the action that takes place within. The object of this topic is to deal quite simply with the operation of a dry cell.

Before beginning this topic, a couple of things must be cleared up. The dry cell is not dry in the meaning that most people presume. The word dry means that the cell will not leak water no matter how it is used. It has also been a misunderstanding that current flows from positive to negative, but as it will be seen later, current or electronic flow is from negative to positive.

To produce an electric current, the metals in the electrolyte paste must be of two different kinds. Carbon and zinc were chosen because they produce

the highest voltage at the most reasonable cost. The carbon rod is positive and the zinc can is negative. Magnesium could have been used instead of zinc but the cost of production would be too high.

The cap of the dry cell seals the zinc can and keeps the paste from drying and causing the cell to become dead. A small fibre washer is also inserted to insulate the steel cap from the carbon rod and prevent a short circuit within the dry cell.

There is a small threaded binding post fastened to the top of the carbon rod and one to the top rim of the zinc can. These posts are used for the attachment of the wires of an electrical circuit.

Before telling the purpose and action of the paste, it would be better to explain the definition of an ion and electron for better understanding. An ion is an atom of any material in a solution and may have either a positive or a negative charge. Tons of metals and hydrogen are positive while ions of other substances are negative. An electron is merely a particle of electricity with a negative charge.

The paste is composed of four materials, ground carbon, zinc chloride, ammonic chloride and manganese dioxide. Each one of these materials will be dealt with separately, as they have definite purposes.

The ground carbon and the zinc chloride are used only as an electrolyte. They provide a means of transportation for the current within the dry cell, between the positive and negative terminals.

The ammonic chloride, which is composed of hydrogen, nitrogen and chlorine, is the actual cause of current. Ammonic chloride is an acid which acts on the zinc can and deteriorates it. As the zinc, which is a positive ion, deteriorates, an excess of negative electrons is let on the zinc can. These negative electrons build up until a wire is used to connect the two binding posts. When the wire is connected, the electrons flow from

the zinc positive carbon rod. This movement now causes an excess of negatively charged ions on the carbon rod. The positively charged hydrogen ions of the ammonic chloride, go to the carbon rod and give off their positive charge to neutralize the rod. It is this movement of electrons from negative to positive which is the electric current we use in our circuits.

When the hydrogen gives off its positive charge, it forms bubbles of hydrogen gas around the carbon rod. The gas sets up high resistance within the dry cell and reduces the action. The purpose of the manganese dioxide in the paste is to remove the gas from the carbon and strengthen the current. The manganese dioxide combines with the hydrogen to produce water and manganese dioxide. Not only are the hydrogen bubbles removed but the water formed helps keep the paste moist.

Thus it is this unnoticed chemical action that takes place within the dry cell, to produce a current of electricity that satisfies our needs.

Douglas E. Ross, T-12



Breaking the Barrier

Scientists have been attempting, with varying degrees of success over a period of years, to penetrate the intangible sonic barrier met by man in travelling between speeds of six to nine hundred miles per hour. Present day aircraft are hampered in seeking to attain such rate of motion by a factor known as compressibility. At these speeds air resistance builds up into an impenetrable wall. The few craft which have touched this wall's fringe have simply returned with strained fuselages and buckled wings. However, when once the supersonic level of speed is attained, contrary to popular belief, a body becomes almost free of friction.

In order to design an aircraft capable of performing such a feat, a multitude of questions must first be an-

swered concerning body and wing construction. To solve these problems is the work of such experimental craft as the Bell Xs-1 rocket ship. The plane carries more than twenty precision instruments to be used in collecting and recording flying data. Within the wings are located strain gauges measuring the structural stress. A similar arrangement measures the force exerted by the pilot to operate controls under varying conditions. Included in the array of machinery gauges are the regular dashboard instruments; airspeed indicator, oil pressure, altimeter, etc. All results are recorded in turn in the form of graphs traced out on sensitive photographic plates by minute beams of light. But enough for the technical side of this work.

The Xs-1 (X for experimental and s for supersonic) is a small ship not unlike a torpedo in shape, its nose narrowing to a sharp, needle-like point. The stubby, square-tipped wings somewhat detract from the note of streamliness. The plexiglass dome of the cabin is flush with the body thus eliminating all air resistance possible. Fuel composed of ethyl alcohol and liquid oxygen comprises two-thirds of the rocket's total weight. The hazards and dangers met in performing a conventional take off are immediately perceived. To both eliminate this chance of destruction and conserve precious fuel, the ship is carried aloft slung in the bomb-bay of a "mother-ship," a B-29. Now let us accompany the test-pilot as he puts the plane through its course. The cockpit is constructed for one man only and so we will be a bit crowded, but the thrill will more than offset this inconvenience.

Now the pilot is lowering himself through the plane's bomb-bay into the ship below. Step lively now or we'll "miss the boat." Snug inside the cockpit, the test-pilot fastens varied safety belts, checks oxygen mask, earphones and other instruments. The motor is carefully primed and then—

seeningly endless waiting. No sound may be heard — only heavy silence.

Suddenly a voice barks through the earphones. "Prepare for launching, Drop will be carried out in three seconds." Wind velocity is given and then that interminable silence closes in around us again. The tension mounts as the seconds pass. Then, very gradually, we feel a sensation similar to that experienced in an elevator and realize that the rocket ship is now free. The pilot slowly advances the throttle, a very slight jar and the ship becomes a living creature. A faint hum is the only indication of this, however. Now the tests begin.

The control stick is eased forward, the ship drops its nose, and we are soon hurtling almost perpendicularly earthward. The speedometer slowly works its way around the dial. Inwardly we pray that the wings will hold together. If the pilot is under any emotional strain, he shows no sign of such, his face as calm and composed as if he were sitting by his radio reading a novel at home. I suddenly catch myself muttering again and again, "Pull up, pull up."

Still the speedometer peg continues to rise — 610-620. Again we glance out at the wings. "They must be rippling like tissue paper at this speed," we gasp.

Finally, as if in compliance with our wishes, the test-pilot quickly eases back the joy-stick. Ouch! We all bang our heads violently against the roof and then — greyness increasing to a heavy blackness blinds our eyes. So this is what they mean by G's. Sight is slowly regained after a few seconds and we now discover ourselves to be hurtling skyward at an unbelievable clip. This is just great, I mutter to myself. First down and now up. Nevertheless the exhilaration affords such thrilling enjoyment that with a sigh more of disappointment than of relief, we feel the ship level off.

All fuel has been expended and now lazily we glide down toward the landing field below. With scarcely a jolt

we feel the ground come up to meet us, and soon the ship glides to a stop. This has been for the scientist just one more of an endless number of trials for the furthering of man's conquest of the skies, but to us the thrill of a life-time.

H. Arthur Mustard 13A



What Do We Smell?

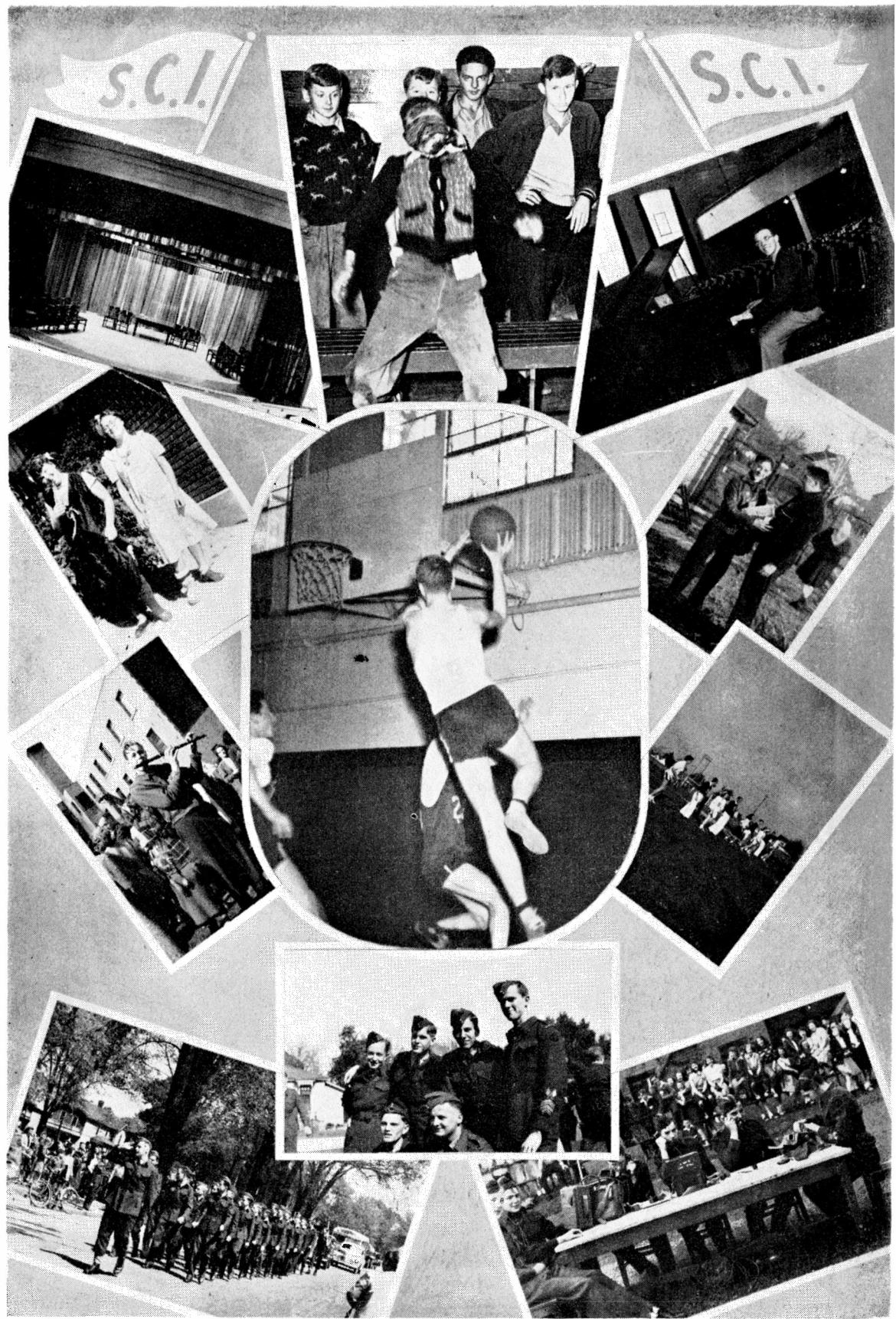
A very recent discovery in science and one of the most outstanding of the past year was the delving of two scientists into what smell is made of. It would appear to most of us that we knew everything about what we smell but to these two doctors it was something different.

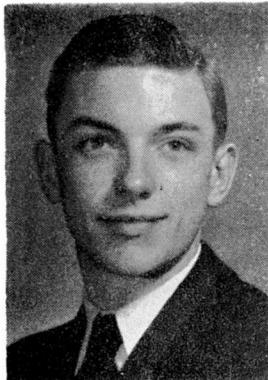
Through long, tedious and painstaking hours of work it was found that smell is made up of waves of which the frequency is quite short. By placing two boxes with dishes of honey in them near a swarm of bees, the bees hovered about the box through which only infra-red waves could pass. No smell could get in, no smell could get out. The other box was so made that likewise no smell could get in or out and radiation could not pass through. This seems to prove quite conclusively that smell is a radiation.

It is also surmised by these doctors that smell can be identified by its place on the spectrum. Strong, pungent, irritating odours correspond to the darker part of the spectrum and the lighter, pleasant and sweet odours to the paler colours. It is also thought that there is a "white smell," the combination of all smells. Everyone is quite familiar with the clear smell of the cool morning. Could this be the "white smell"?

The placing of smells according to the colours of the spectrum will be of great benefit to scientists and chemistry students. No longer will they have to classify those gruesome smells as rotten eggs, but to a certain colour in the spectrum.

Elizabeth Young 13A





Scholarships



DAVID PALMER...
Dominion-Provincial Student Aid Scholarship
University of Western Ontario Scholarship
Leonard Scholarship
First Carter Scholarship
Ramsay Memorial Scholarship



ROBERT THOMPSON
Imperial Oil Scholarship
University of Western Ontario
Scholarship



PATRICIA NORSWORTHY
Nicholls Scholarship
Second Carter Scholarship



HUGH ROSE
Dominion-Provincial Student
Aid Scholarship
Leonard Scholarship
Third Carter Scholarship



JOHN LYNDEN
Dominion-Provincial Student
Aid Scholarship



HARRY PETERS
Dominion-Provincial Student
Aid Scholarship



MADELINE CAPES
Dominion-Provincial Student
Aid Scholarship



NORMAN BICE
Sarnia Bridge Co., Scholarship



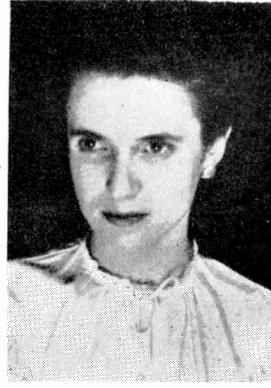
ROSS DUNN
Sarnia Chapter I.O.D.E.
Bursary



WILLIAM FERGUSON
Sarnia Bridge Co., Scholarship



HOPE MILL HOLLAND
D. M. Grant Scholarship



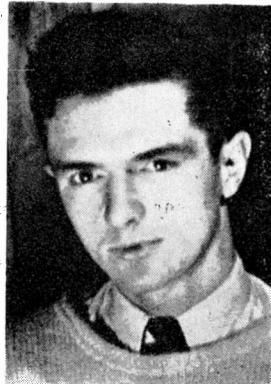
LOIS GRANT
Sarnia University Women's
Club Bursary



SHIRLEY ROBLEY
Sarnia Chapter I.O.D.E.
Bursary



EVELYN AIKEN
Best All Round Girl



DONALD LANG
Best All Round Boy



Aiken, Evelyn	Toronto University	Cowan, John	McGill University
Allen, Ross	Queen's University	Crawford, Audrey	Dr. Racher
Allingham, Colin	Imperial Oil	Creasy, Dorothy	Business College
Alstergren, Doris	At Home	Crockard, Joan	Alma College
Anderson, Marjorie	Alma College	Crooks, Lorraine	City Hall
Archer, Edward	Dow Chemical	Cundick, Jean	Bell Telephone
Armstrong Harold	Collegiate Office	Cunningham, Ross	Queen's University
Armstrong, Mary Jean	Walker Bros.		
Ash, William	Polymer		
Ayres, Dorothy	Zeilers		
Baines, Francis	Dodge and DeSoto Garage	Davidson, Norman	Rose's Market
Baines, Ross	Sarnia Elevator	Davison, Claire	Polymer
Baldwin, Blair	Highfield Motors	Daws, Jean Ann	Lampel and Zeiler
Barton, Joyce	Imperial Oil	Dixon, Roy	Port Huron High School
Battram, John	Port Huron Junior College	Dorsay, Dick	Jarvis Collegiate, Toronto
Bayduck, Edward	Holmes Foundry	Dove, Betty	Sarnia General
Beauchamp, Dan	Phippen's Furniture	Downie, Jean	Dr. Mann
Beauchamp, Gerry	National Club	Dupee, Jewell	Household Finance Co.
Bedard, Marie	Business College	Emmons, Elmer	Kennedy's Meat Market
Berry, Frances	At Home	Evers, Dorothy	Silverwood's Dairy
Bice, Norman	Belanger Bros.	Ferguson Bill	Polymer
Box, Dorothy	Dow Chemical	Fitzgibbon, Nancy	Business College
Bradley, John	Toronto	Flett, Allan	Canadian Observer
Brown, Donna	Collegiate Office	Flett, Marilyn	Trinidad
Callum, Jeanne	Business College	Foley, Robert	College of Pharmacy, Toronto
Callum, Morris	Shaw Construction Co.	Garrison, Evelyn	Bell Telephone
Cameron, Ivan	Moore Paint Store	German, Thelma	Cowan & Millman
Campbell, Noreen	Dominion Salt Co.	Gibb, Lois	Hamilton General
Capes, Madeline	Toronto University	Gilliland, Gladys	R. W. McKay, Contractor
Capes, Marguerite	Goodison's	Glabb, Pat	St. Jerome's College, Kitchener
Carruthers, Bruce	India	Grant, Lois	London Normal School
Carruthers, Virginia	India	Gray, Elaine	Hamilton General
Carter, Virgene	Business College	Groom, Jack	Runnymede Collegiate, Toronto
Caughlin, Joe	Loblaw's	Guilfoyle, Bill	Assumption College
Celnar, Vera	United Cigar Store	Haight, Nancy	Manley's
Charlick, Bill	Can. Synthetic Rubber	Hamilton, Margaret	Belton Lumber Co.
Colotel, Bill	Polymer	Handy, Alfred	Ford Trade School, Windsor
Cook, Barbara	Bell Telephone	Harbour, Mabel	Board of Education Office
Cordey, Joan	W. L. Smith, Auditor	Harkins, Osborn	Berger's Clothing Store
Cordey, Van	Mutual Life Assurance	Harkins, Priscilla	Polymer
Corey, Don	Central Transport Co.	Harris, Blake	Albert College, Pelleville

Harris, Nenone	Ellenor Insurance Co.	Toronto
Harwood, Bob	Goodison's	
Hayes, Joyce	Auto-Lite	
Hayes, Mary Joyce	Tamblyn's	
Holloway, Zola	Polymer	
Holmes, Donna	Royal Bank	
Horner, Lenora	Polymer	
Hughes, Barry	Co dwater	
Hunt, Donald	Montreal	
Jackson, Lois	Bishop Strachan School, Toronto	
Jennings, Mary	D. J. Robb	
Jewitt, Florence	Toronto University	
Jewitt, Mary Humberside Collegiate, Toronto		
Joliffe, Ruth	Bell Telephone	
Karn, Jack	Ford Trade School Windsor	
Kemmis, Blanche	Auto-Lite	
Kent, Joyce	Married	
Kilbreath, Dave	At Home	
Kimball, Bill	Turner-Johnson Eng. Co.	
Knutt, Patricia	At Home	
Korbel, Eleanor	Metropoitan Stores	
Lang, Don	Imperial Oil	
Lantz, Don	Toronto	
Lapham, Charlotte	Married	
Lawson, Isobel	Business College	
Lea, Betty	St. Joseph's Hospital	
Lewis, Gordon	Polymer	
Lewis, Jack	Imperial Oil	
Link, Dolores	Dr. Sidenberg	
Locke, Donald	Business College	
Lucas, Pat	Imperial Oil	
Lynden, Jack	London Normal School	
MacDonald, Elaine	CHOK	
MacGillivray, Jack	Western University	
MacPherson Isobel		
Taylor, Jamieson Law Office		
Maloney, Lola	Business College	
Manicom, Keith	Toronto	
Marriott, Douglas	Western University	
Marwick, Mary	Sarnia General	
Matson, Doug	Bank of Montreal	
McLean, Sally	Polymer	
McCracken, Dorothy	Windsor	
McCrie, Bernice	Polymer	
McDermid, Ray	Albert College, Belleville	
McKay, Bill	Toronto University	
McLean, Diane	Campus Shop	
McLean, Mary	At Home	
Marshall, Bill	Can. Synthetic Rubber	
Mechin, Barbara	Toronto	
Mercer, Joan	CHOK	
Millholland, Hope		
Mannes, Music School, New York		
Mitchell, Fred	Port Huron Junior College	
Montgomery, Gordon	Bell Telephone	
Moor, Joyce	Havergal College, Toronto	
Moore, John	Polymer	
Moore, Marjorie	Married	
Moorehouse, Nona	Polymer	
Nelson, Bob	Imperial Oil	
Nisbet, Daphne	Manley's	
Noble, Jane	Western University	
Norsworthy, Pat	Queen's University	
O'Neil, Joyce	Polymer	
Overholt, Pat	Bank of Commerce	
Palmer, David	Western University	
Parks, Agnes	Bank of Toronto	
Peters, Harry	London Normal School	
Petronski, Olga	Bell Telephone	
Proctor, Alice	London Normal School	
Rabbits, Peggy	Stirrett's	
Richardson, Mary Lou	Sarnia Bridge Co.	
Roberts, Shirley	Royal Bank	
Rose, Hugh	Toronto University	
Rosenbloom, Dorothy	Moore Paint Store	
Running, Tom	Polymer	
Scott, Evelyn	Bank of Montreal	
Sinclair, Marie	Polymer	
Skerrat, Katherine	Hamilton General	
Skerrat, Phyllis	Zellers	
Smith, Barbara	Woolworth's	
Smith, Bertha	Western Freight Lines	
Smith, Clark	Toronto	
Smith, Ken	At Home	
Smith, Lyall	W. L. Smith, Auditor	
Smith, Robert	London Normal School	
Smith, Shirley	Western University	
Smith, Virginia	Canadian Observer	
Somerville, Ruth	Polymer	
Street, Leona	Married	
Synes, Irene	Married	
Taylor, Betty	Dow Chemical	
Taylor, Donna	Married	
Thompson, Robert	Western University	
Truba, Kathleen	Business College	
Turner, Michael	Queen's University	
Webb, Phoebe	Plainfield, N.J.	
West, Beverly	Business College	

West, Joan	Auto-Lite
West, Ruth	Braeburn Ltd.
Wheeler, Fred	Canadian Observer
Wilkinson, Lill	Western University
Williamson, Joyce	Ingersoll
Williamson, Dick	Metropolitan Stores
Willick, Mildred	
	Industrial & Niagara Finance
Wills, Helen	Business College
Wilson, June	London Life Insurance Co.
Wilson, Malcolm	Royal Naval College
	Royal Roads, B.C.
Wray, Pauline	Western University
Wright, Jean	Owen Sound

Wright, John Cwen Sound
Wright, Mary Ann National Grocers
Young, Jean Polymer
Young, Marian Lrantsford General

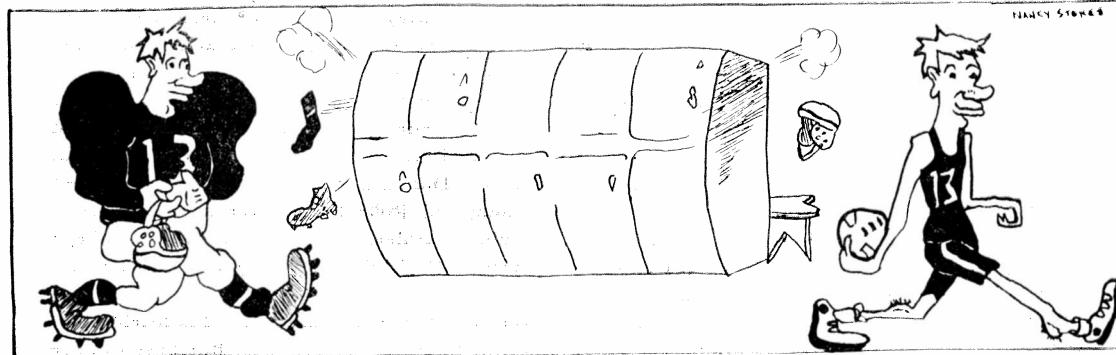
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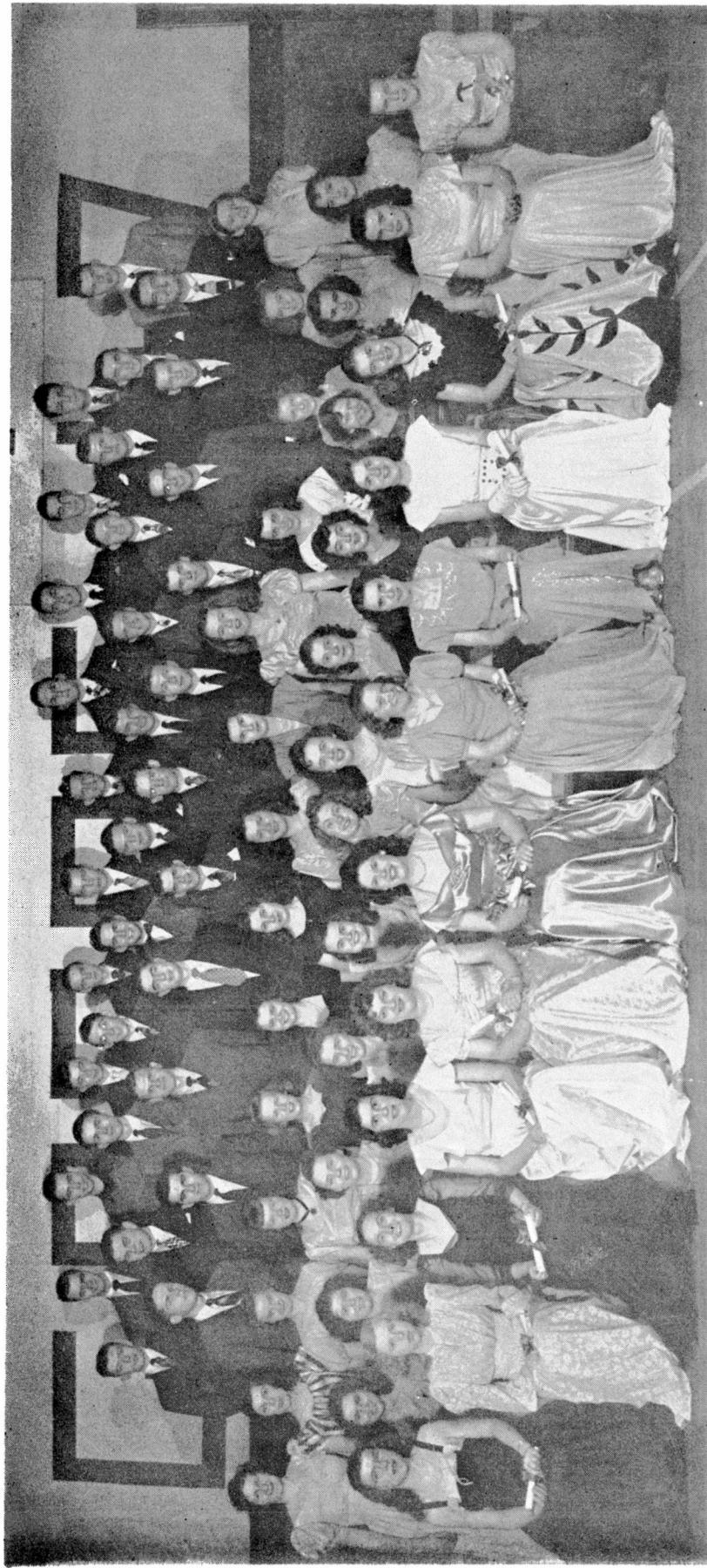
Bassett, Don	Leckie, Edith
Bourassa, Mary Lou	Morrison, Emma
Brown, Joyce	Palframan, Doreen
Carter, Harvey	Phibbs, Roland
Deacon, Mary Lou	Rogers, George
Dice, Marilyn	White, Isobel
Ingles, John	Zenora, Paul
Johnston, Dolores	

Model Boy of S. C. I. & T. S.

- Physique of Tony Ladenchuk
- Clothes of Ian Bell
- Hair of Bill Osborne
- Eyes of Douglas Bayne
- Smile of Everett Manness
- Friendliness of George Smola
- Personality of Mr. Langan
- Wittiness of James Wright
- Dancing Ability of Paul Gillespie
- Athletic Ability of Reginald Spradbrow
- Intelligence of James Whitfield

"RECONVERSION"





GRADUATES 1947

First Row—P. Overhalt, J. Daws, M. Richardson, D. Holmes, S. Roberts, I. Crooks, M. Armstrong, L. Grant, E. Aiken, J. Barton, I. McPherson, N. Harris.

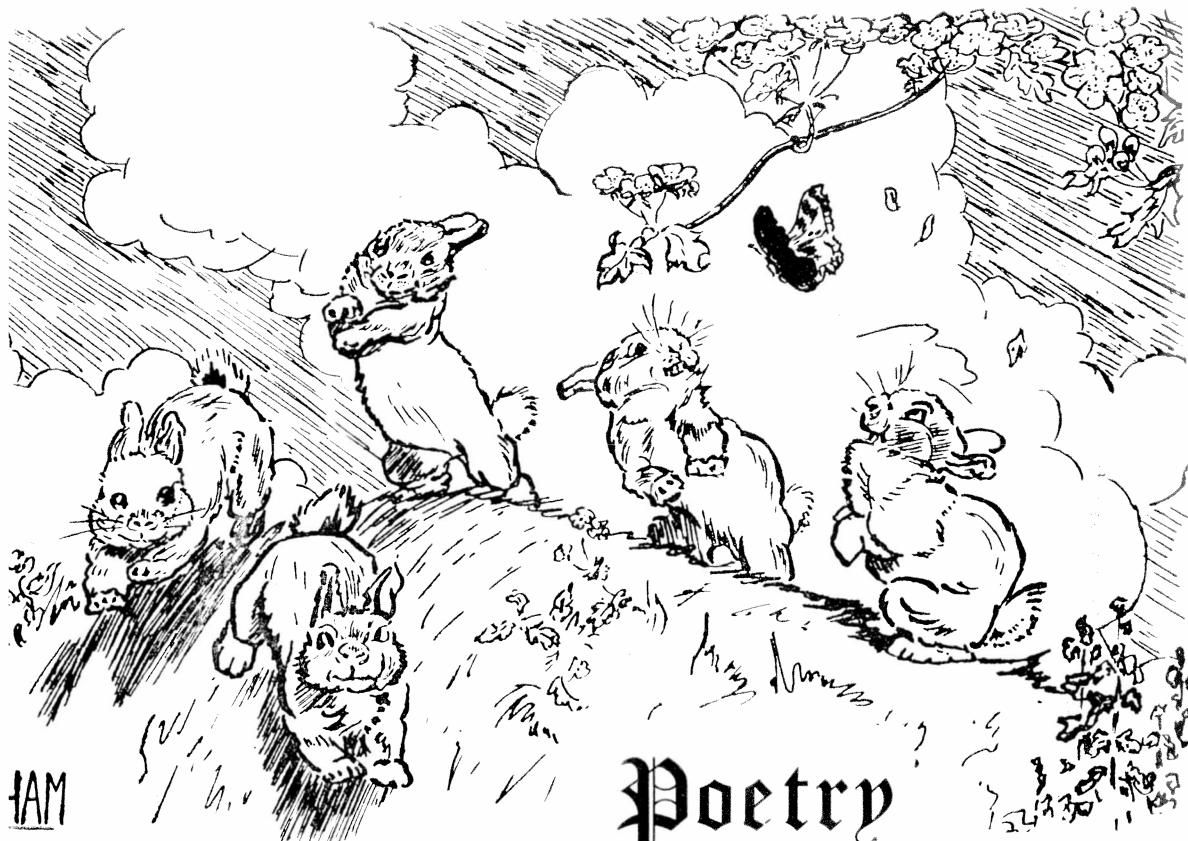
Second Row—B. Taylor, A. Parks, D. Brown, N. Campbell, T. German, J. Dupee, A. Proctor, P. Lucas, V. Cordey, P. Norsworthy, D. Rosenblum, M. Willlick.

Third Row—L. Horner, S. McLean, D. Evers, M. Wright, M. Sinclair, M. Capes, R. Somerville, M. Capes, J. Wilson, J. Cundick, R. West, B. Lea, G. Gilliland, J. Mercer.

Fourth Row—H. Rose, D. Needham, J. Koziol, G. Lewis, J. Durley, H. Peters, R. Allen, B. Wilkinson, G. Montgomery, B. Smith, R. Cunningham, J. Moore, E. Maness, R. Baines, B. Kinball, D. Lamont, F. Young, A. Storey, M. Turner.

Fifth Row—D. Marriott, A. Mustard, N. Bice, H. Armstrong, J. Moore, E. Maness, R. Baines, B. Kinball, D. Lamont, F. Young, A. Storey, M. Turner.

Sixth Row—R. Wright, T. Rogers, T. Barnes, B. Ferguson, E. Emmons, W. Ash, W. Jacques, D. Palmer, R. Thompson, J. Lynden.



Poetry

"As Full of Spirit as the Month of May" - W. S.

THE LOST CORD

(With apologies to Sir A. Sullivan and Sir W. S. Gilbert)

Seated one day at my homework
I was weary and ill at ease
And my fingers tinkered idly
With ruler and compasses.
I knew not what I was drawing,
For the lines were a jumbled maze
But I drew the chord of a circle
I'd been trying to draw for days.

It showed me every detail
Of the proof I had tried to find,
When the bell for the end of the study
Snatched the idea from my mind.
I looked in every textbook,
And I thought till my head was sore,
But the chord that solved the problem
Was gone for evermore.

Carol McIntyre, 12A

SCHOOL DAZE

A good dose of Physics begins every day,
English comes next with its "can" or "may",
Then do not forget the "s'il vous plait",
In French every lesson should be quite "parfait".
Next are the triangles, circles and squares,
Geometry exams keep me saying my prayers.
Latin translations were not meant for me,
Stories of Caesar and the used to be.
The next few minutes are spent in History,
The old dark age with all its mystery.
Then comes a time that's exceedingly rare,
What could be better I ask than a spare?
After I slave away at P. T.
The rest of this beautiful day is free—
Of course there is homework which must be done,
And this puts a damper on plans for fun.
Then I crawl into bed, bored and weary,
What other life could be quite so dreary?
One consolation which could only be
Those thoughts of the coming-week-end spree.
Now don't get me wrong and think school is a bore,
It is! But who wants to wind up scrubbing a floor?

Diane Bulman, 12-B.



MORNING WALK

So late I wandered o'er the lea
When stars and moon shone high,
And wrapped in night's black mystery,
I heard the pine's soft sigh.

I saw the farmhouse 'neath the hill
Without it's shabby look,
And cased in fog so sweet and still
Step from a fairy book.

The moon streamed through it's silver shroud
And like a magic wand
Made drooping willows gay and proud
And silvery the pond.

The cool refreshing morning winds
Drove 'way the carpeting mist,
And as I ambled towards the town
Earth by the sun was kissed.

Virginia Miller 13-B

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY

A mystery dark hovers over our school—
It threatens our health and our morals:
It's greater than that of "The Black-Eyed Blonde"
(Or "Why all lovers have quarrels").

To this the "Sweet Mystery of Love" is a cinch,
"Who Stole Goitie's Garter" is plain:
For this unsolved mystery would make Sherlock wince,
Dick Tracy would writhe in pain.

We know the Pied Piper purged Brunswick of rats,
We know that (for horses) they keep oats in bins,
And why Julius Caesar . . . but what we don't know—
Where does Mr. Dennis get all those cat skins?

Louise Wright 13-A



THE LONG-AWAITED CHANCE

It's leap year, girls, and now's your chance
To go and come from every dance,
To look and grab without a thought
Of what he has or what you've got.
Be fast and quick because, you know,
You've only this one year to go.
Now don't be shy, it's quite all right,
To ask a different boy each night,
Because in nineteen forty-nine
You'll sit at home most all the time.
So have your fun while this year lasts
To have fond memories of the past,
For three more years to come, my dear,
And then another great leap year!
So, girls, please heed this sound advice
By taking either men or mice.

Patsy Knight 11-D



FASHIONS

The fashions of today are really quite rare,
They look like the clothes that Great Grandma might wear;
With tiny waists and padded hips,
They're supposed to be dresses but some look like ships.

You go to a store to buy a new coat,
You try and you try but there's really no hope.
They bag in the back, or they sag at the sides,
The hoods keep slipping and cover your eyes.

But what can we do, when Vogue and Mayfair,
Say, "These are the clothes a young lady should wear,"
We wear them and like them, to school and fine ball,
And likely we'll wear them through Spring to next Fall.

Lorraine Gordon 10-E

SILHOUETTE AT SUNSET

Twilight, a tree, a setting sun,
Whispering, wind round branches raised on high,
Splashes of black beauty against a fiery sky.

Peace of night descending o'er a weary world at rest,
Misty mauve and rose enhancing dusky lace,
The tree a sculptured shadow, the sky a glowing space

Shimmering brilliants, dreamy pastels,
Drifting, melting, ever blending,
Shafts of golden light fading, descending.

"Tis His great painting, the Master of them all,
O'er which we gaze in awe-filled wonder,
The silhouette, the sky of sunset splendour.

Lois Soper 13-B

GOING TO SCHOOL

It's eight o'clock and time for the bus,
Why should this torture be wasted on us?
Why not on someone who more deserves
To have his bones broken, made raw his nerves?
We enter the bus and look round for a seat,
But all that we see is a maze of large feet.
We trip and we totter, and lose all our books,
We try to quell laughter with our dirty looks.
In the end we sit down on a seat full of snow,
While down on our necks a cold wind doth blow.
We lean close to the heater and we shiver and shake,
But one foot will absorb all the heat it can make.
The bus skids and swerves and slides this way and that,
And shakes us around like a dog does a rat.
The corners are nightmares, the stops are as bad,
And we hope that insurance is still to be had.
When a car comes along and attempts to go past
We all cross our fingers and close our eyes fast.
He sneaks past the bus with inches to spare,
And then the bus skids—oops, another gray hair.
If the weather is good, the bus running well,
We might possibly make it before the last bell,
But with roads full of snow, and the bus crawling along,
We just barely make it to hear the noon gong.
The girls in the office all know us by name,
For 'most every day it is always the same;
We go into the office, late, after our trip,
And ask the secretary for a late-slip.
It doesn't take long, there's no bother, no fuss,
Mister Johnston just says "Twas the bus?"
Our slips in our hand, and our feet very cool,
We know once again we've arrived at the school.
I know that to most, this poem is boring,
So, hearing the sound of melodious snoring,
I'll stop right here with this horrible poem,
And crawl off, in disguise, to my Mandaumin home.

Ross Dunn 13-A



"The King of Jazz" » Duke Ellington

In a hectic field where fortune is fickle, and fame is often fleeting, Duke Ellington is the undisputed king. He has been at the top of this realm for twenty years, and he has seen his raucous jazz music rise from the smoky rent parties of his native Washington to the hallowed temple of Carnegie Hall. Ellington paved the

way and made it easy for "hot music" to get a hearing there. He has since been acclaimed by critics of serious music, and his works have been compared with those of some of the great, formal composers.

His records have sold more than twenty million copies, and his name on a theatre marquee is a sure-fire

guarantee of a packed house. In all, Duke has written some one thousand, two hundred compositions, showing different content, mood, and scope. From simple pieces like his first composition "Soda Fountain Rag," he has progressed to his later jazz works in symphonic forms. Such moody melodies as "Solitude," "Sophisticated Lady" and "The Moache," are remembered year after year, and have taken their places as classics in Tin Pan Alley.

The Duke's own technique, especially as a composer, is almost all instinctive, or self-taught. He has experimented more with new techniques than most of the jazz artists, and although he is accused of having sacrificed feeling for form, the mood and emotion of his compositions are of primary interest to Duke.

Ellington organized his orchestra around 1918, and by the time he was nineteen, he was bringing in close to one hundred and fifty dollars weekly as leader and booking agent for a number of bands. At twenty-one, he figured he was ready for the big town. He may have been, but the big town wasn't yet ready for his subtle harmonies and unusual use of chords and rhythms. He and his Washington kids turned up two years later, and this time they caught on. They rapidly advanced to a Broadway spot called the Kentucky Club where his band really started receiving attention.

Duke and his aggregation rode into the big time at the point of a gangster's gun. In the fall of 1927, they were playing a theatre date in Philadelphia when a syndicate of big-money boys decided the Ellington band was just what they needed for their New York Cotton Club. According to legend, a Philadelphia colleague complete with persuader, convinced the theatre manager the wisdom of turning over the contract. Ellington and his gang packed their bags for their trip to the headlines and the rest is history.

After two decades in the spotlight, the Duke is a man of apparently many

contradictory characteristics. A moody man, brooding sadness and great gaiety have both been well known to him. But he possesses a great sense of humor and a zest for life.

He has a great love for food, being known to consume thirty-two hot dogs at one sitting, or four or five plates of oyster stew in an evening. The Duke's love for clothes is given ample proof by the one hundred and fifty suits, dozens of hats and more than one thousand ties he includes in his ward-robe. Every hat, shoe, or shirt he has is made just for him.

A very important characteristic in Ellington's makeup is his superhuman calmness. He staunchly refuses to quarrel with anybody for he has become one of the most religious of men, although he is not a member of any church. Duke is a deeply serious individual and is acutely conscious of his race's mistreatment throughout history. He also likes to pose as the world's laziest man, possessing the enviable faculty of being able to fall asleep, anywhere, anytime. But nevertheless, he has turned out a remarkable amount of work throughout the years.

One of the Duke's greatest desires is to write a large-scale composition of lasting merit, to express the soul of Negro people. To many, it would seem as if this great composer has already done this with his great contribution to the musical heritage of America in his many compositions.

George Langmyhr, 11C



Irving Berlin

The greatest song writer in America is known the world over as Irving Berlin, but was born Isidore Baline. He was born the youngest son of a rabbi on May 11, 1888, in a Siberian province. Irving and his family moved to America in 1892. When he was only eight years old his father died leav-

ing the Baline family in poverty. Irving only had two years of formal education before he went out into the world to make a living. He got several jobs such as a newspaper boy, but finally as a singing waiter.

In 1907, when working as a waiter, he wrote his first song, "Sunny Italy." Two years later he got a job with a music firm and bought his first piano for a hundred dollars. In 1911 "Alexander's Ragtime Band" brought him fame. Soon after he made an appearance in a Broadway musical by Shubert called, "Up and Down Broadway."

In February of 1912 he married the sister of his friend, Dorothy Goetz. She died of typhoid fever a few months later. After this tragedy Irving joined the Army, where he wrote "Yip-Yip-Yaphank," which later became known as "God Bless America."

The year 1919 was a good one for Berlin, for such songs as "Say It With Music," and "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" took his name a bit farther on the road to fame. After this he established the firm called Irving Berlin, Inc.

In 1926 he married again. Her name was Ellin MacKay, a writer, a social registrante and daughter of "Postal Telegraph" president.

In the following years Berlin wrote many hit songs. "Any Bonds Today," "This Is the Army," and "I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen" were some songs he wrote after war broke out in 1939.

Irvin Berlin wrote seven hundred songs, sixteen musicals and made nearly eight movies, but he cannot read nor write music. ...He plays the piano in one key — F sharp and hires a musical stenographer to copy music for him. Berlin says Talent and Suggestion are the essentials of a hit song.

Probably the tunes of Berlin such as "Always," "Blue Skies," "Easter Parade," "Remember," and "White Christmas," will live in the hearts of America's people forever.

Dorothy Bowd, 11D

Star Dust Troubador

Once put out of a college quartet because he couldn't sing, Hoagy Carmichael is now not only a famous composer (Star Dust, Old Rockin' Chair) but also radio and movie star to boot.

Hoagy began his piano playing one day when a baseball game in which he was supposed to play was rained out. Unhappy, he returned home and began picking out notes on the piano. He surprised his mother and soon she taught him to play the bass and the fife until his ear wouldn't let him play a sour note.

His first conception of jazz came from a negro boy, Reggie Duval, who told him that music was a syncopation and an accentuation of the afterbeat. Later he learned more from a negro band leader, Louis Jordan, who played at a dance at Hoagy's high school. Soon afterwards he met the single greatest influence in his life, Bix Biederbecke, who taught him to play the cornet until his fraternity became so annoyed that they hid it.

Not long after he entered Indiana to study law. He had a band of his own called the Carmichael Collegians, who played everything by ear since Hoagy could not read music. While in the Book Nook, a campus cafeteria, he composed his first tune, "River Boat Shuffle." Soon "Washboard Blues" and "Lazy Bones" were written. His friend Bix Biederbecke introduced him to Paul Whiteman, who recorded "Washboard Blues" with Carmichael in the vocal. On a visit to the campus at Bloomington the music of "Star Dust" floated into his head and entering the Book Nook he wrote the melody in twenty minutes.

For years "Star Dust" set no world afire. Suddenly it was seized upon by musicians and vocalists. It was recorded by Isham Jones, Louis Armstrong, and the Boswell Sisters and was reissued in sheet music. Since then it has sold 1,000,000 copies.

For Hoagy the next few years were a blend of many good things. He wrote "Lazy River," and "Georgia on My Mind" for a Broadway review starring Beatrice Lillie. His "Lazy Bones" with lyrics by Johnny Mercer sold 15-copies a day and helped to pull Tin Pan Alley out of the depression. He also met an attractive girl Ruth Mienardi and married her.

At his wife's urging he decided to try Hollywood again. As a song writer for Paramount he wrote "Small Fry" and "Two Sleepy People". Between 1936 and 1939 he contributed songs to such films as "Anything Goes" "Sing You Sinners", "Thanks for the Memory", and "St. Louis Blues".

A wife of a movie producer was responsible for giving him his big chance in movies, in "To Have and Have Not", starring Lauren Bacall. His rendition of "Hong Kong Blues" started rolling like a snowball down a hill. At one point after its release, records of "Hong Kong Blues" were selling 28,000 daily. The song finally raked up a sale of more than 5,000,000 disks.

Last year he found time to write an autobiography "Star-Dust Road", a large portion of which is devoted to giving credit to those who helped jazz grope and thump its way into being.

His radio show, "A Visit to Hoagy's" last year was rated a successful one. It has been described as having "quiet informatlity", as being "as All-American as Fibber McGee."

Today Hoagy the composer of some seventy songs among them "A Huggin' and A-Chalkin'", "Ole Buttermilk Sky", "Old Rockin' Chair", "Am I Blue", "Georgia on My Mind", "Small Fry", "Thanks for the Memory", "Hong Kong Blues", has the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers rating of A A which brings him an average of \$20,000 a year. To show how talented and popular he is, Hoagy is classed with others with an A A rating among them, "Irving Berlin", "Cole Porter", and the late "George Gershwin".

Doug. Bayne 13A

Birth of the Blues

When people migrate to a new country they bring with them their traditional customs. So it was with the negro race when they came to America. From the depths of the African jungle they brought the stirring rhythm of their primitive music. However, being connected with an inferior race, their music was banned by the right people. Yet, such a heartful music could not be smothered, and so it was that wherever the Negro lived so lived his music.

Typical of the Negro sections in America was the district of Basin Street, New Orleans. Here the Negro rhythm found its release. It was loved by not only the black man but also by the many white people, among which was a famous composer, an opera singer, and a gambler. This gambler, Nick Duquesne, came to be associated with the final acknowledgement of the music he loved so well. He was known as the King of Basin Street and when the U. S. Navy, finding too many men A.W.O.L. in Basin Street condemned the district, Nick Duquesne took with him, his band and his music and started anew elsewhere.

Soon the rag-time rhythm began gaining recognition mostly by teenagers.

One night, while Nick was billing Louis "Sach'mo" Armstrong, a drunk staggered into the dance hall and shouted a certain word repeatedly. From then on ragtime music was called "Jazz" and became more popular each day. Under Nick Duquesne, Louis Armstrong played to packed houses in England and the continent while Woody Herman realized his great lifelong ambition by playing his kind of music in Carnegie Hall.

And thus Jazz was born and from it the Blues, Boogie-Woogie and Swing. And now every teenager on the North American continent thrills to some band and its own special interpretations of one of these.

John Jensen, 12C



SCHOOL BAND

First Row—John Sanders, Bill Bruner, Carlton Sole, George Langmhyr (for Don Fowlie), Allan Wilson, Glenn Sharpe, Reg. Garbett.

Second Row—Emmerson Armstrong, Grant Barnes, Sgt. Bill Van Alstyne, Lt. Don Eyre, Hugo Helliwell, Ron Leckie, Everett Maness, Mr. Brush (instructor).

Third Row—Ron Dagg, Brian Noble, Don Walker, Bill Breakey, Ken Eyre, Don Gladwish.



The World's Leading Musician

At 80 Arturo Toscanini is still called the world's No. 1 musician. There is still in him such an exquisite combination of all qualities necessary for leadership, and a passion for perfection in music.

He is the son of a poor tailor in northern Italy. At the age of nine he entered Parma Conservatory where his playmates called him the "genius". All were punished when he organized an extracurricular band. Odd jobs as a cellist in opera orchestras followed. It

was not until one night in June 1886 in Rio de Janeiro, that 19 year old Arturo was catapulted into fame, when a Brazilian conductor resigned a few hours before the first performance of the opera. A young cellist who had coached the singers on the trip over was remembered. The sight of a beardless youth on the conductor's stand hushed the public. The audience gasped as he proceeded and after the first act he was a hero. He conducted 18 more operas that summer in Rio, all from memory.

Toscanini has a remarkable memory. He can learn a full opera over a week-

end and remember all its details for years.

He has many traits which bring out his real character. He likes to demonstrate rather than to explain. He will throw his handkerchief into the air for light, floating sound. When the orchestra makes a slip he shakes his fists, swears, breaks batons, tears sheets of music, and tramples on his watch or eyeglasses.

He can speak English, French, German, and Italian. He makes a hobby of charities, but does not wish his name known. Recently he sent 30,000 pairs of shoes to Italy.

He is as precise about his person as he is about his music. No one has ever seen him in shirt sleeves. During performances he wears celluloid collars so that there will be no wilting when he perspires.

Among his few American tastes are a weakness for Mickey Mouse movies and jazz.

The source of his fascination as a conductor are attributed to a combination of grace and strength with the baton, to his sensitive ear, and feats of memory.

Mavis Saunder 125



Mr. Treitz, (to students): Here you see the skull of a chimpanzee, a very rare specimen. There are only two in the country.— one is in the National Museum and I have the other.

Chuck: "Did your father complain about my staying so late last night?"

Joan: "On the contrary, he asked me why I was so thoughtless as to let you go to school without any breakfast!"

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man in days of yore:
Could say when Adam told a joke,
"I've heard that one before."

Mr. Ritchie: "This gas contains deadly poison. What steps would you take if it escaped?"

Chate: "Long ones, sir."

Mr. Lunam: "This won't do. You must tell that boy friend of yours that late hours are bad for one."

Marion: "Yes, dad,—I know: but they're lovely for two."

Howard: "Why is a cracked chair like a policeman?"

Walt: "I dunno, why?"

Howard: "Why is a cracked chair like a policeman?"



Social Activities

Marion Slater, Editor

The Students' Council

The Students' Council was one of the first groups to be reorganized in the fall. Keith Stoner was the popular candidate who became president and Johnny Addison, a close rival, aptly filled the position of vice-president. Marguerite Wilson and June Maness assisted as secretary and treasurer respectively. Art Storey was the representative of last year's council and Mr. Langan acted as senior advisor.

The various convenors of the committees were: Christmas Cards, Jack Elliott; "At Home", Helen McKinley; Publicity, Virginia Miller and Bob Day, and Comtecoll, Elizabeth Young.

The members met in Mr. Langan's room each Monday afternoon to discuss and decide upon the problems presented before them. A very successful "Leap Year Dance" was sponsored by them and the Commencement programme and "At Home" were the "best ever."

Numerous Comtecols were held throughout the year with the various forms in charge. A constitution for Comtecoll was drawn up by Art Storey. This year an effort was made to see that only students now attending school gained admittance to the Comtecols. This was necessary for various reasons and so far has been very successful. However guest cards were distributed by Mr. Langan and Keith Stoner for outsiders.

The winners of the plaques and \$25 were Evelyn Aiken and Dong Lang. These students were chosen by the student body as the best "all round" students.

This year the money prize has been raised to \$35.00 and the Students' Council eventually hope to raise it to \$50.00.

The Students' Council although still a young organization has aided the student body in numerous ways and deserves their whole-hearted support.

Virginia Miller.

★

The Sarnia Collegiate Debating Club

In January of this year, a meeting of those interested in debating and public speaking was held. From this meeting of some forty students, the Debating Club was formed. Under the capable direction of Mr. Payne and Mr. Watson, it was to be held weekly. The first meeting dealt with tardiness, a subject well within our knowledge.

The officers elected were:

President—Art Lewis

Vice Pres.—Dawn Marie Britt

Secretary—Barbara Britt

These officers did a good job but two desired to resign in April. The new officers were President, George



DEBATING CLUB

First Row—Barbara Britt, Jacqueline Jackson, Lorraine Gordon, Dawn Britt.

Second Row—Ken Helsen, Don Lunney, Bob Barton, Art Lewis, Doug Phippen, Art Storey, Lyle Slatterie, Melvin Cohen.

Shepherd, and Secretary, Barbara Britt.

Since January, weekly meetings have been held in room 307. These debates provided valuable experience for the students, as public speaking and debating are essential to success.

Although the S. C. I. & T. S. was the first school to inquire as to Wossa debating, it is hoped that next year more interest will be shown in Western Ontario schools.

Barbara Britt

★

S. C. I. & T. S. Camera Club

In the fall, a Camera Club was organized for amateur photographers under the guidance of Mr. Dennis. At the first meeting Jim Flynn was el-

ected president; Wynn Matthews, secretary and Lorraine Gordon, treasurer. The first two or three meetings were very successful.

So many young enthusiasts joined the Club that it was necessary to divide them into teams. As there were two teams, they spent alternate weeks learning to take pictures properly, preferably around the school, or learning the developing and printing processes.

This provided interesting information for several weeks, until the numbers began to decrease. Perhaps this was because a vice-president had not been elected to take care of each Tuesday's meeting when the president was unable to do so. This will probably be rectified when the club re-organizes in the fall.



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

First Row—John Elliot, Evelyn Swartz, Margaret Huggett, Myrtle West, Catherine Pringle, Jacqueline Jackson, Keith Stoner.

Second Row—Johnny Addison, Betty A. Timpson, June Maress, Helen MacKinley, Elizabeth Young, Virginia Miller, Dodie Wiles, Tony Ladanchuk.

Third Row—Chuck Glaab, Mr. Langan, Bill Osborne, Don Eyre, Bill Spence, Bob Day, Bill McGeachy.

As this was the Club's first year, it was considered quite successful but hopes to be even more effective in years to come. Its members disbanded at the beginning of May until September when they will hold a re-election and perhaps have a more successful term.

Wynne Matthews

★

S. C. I. & T. S. Chess Club

The S. C. I. & T. S. Chess Club has held its meetings Wednesday night in room 311 under the able guidance of Mr. Marcy. A lively ladder tournament was conducted and was of great interest to the members of the club.

An elimination tournament, played to discover the S. C. I.'s champion

chess player is not quite completed. Ruth Johnston who was last year's winner of the cup has reached the semi-finals. There were quite a few new members including Mr. Mendizabal, who is now an enthusiastic attender.

Marg. Trotter

★

S. C. I. & T. S. Glee Club

During the 1947-48 school term, about ninety girls under the direction of Mr. Herman Sperling, have composed the S. C. I. Glee Club. Throughout the year they have taken part in important events such as—Commencement, Education Week programs, and the Music Festival.



GLEE CLUB

First Row—Muriel McInnis, Pearl Martinuik, Mary Battram, Elaine Dunbar, Cynthia Burdette, Marion McNally, Ila Dennis, Doreen Dally.

Second Row—Marlene Bennett, Gwen Cordey, Olve Murphy, Nancy Miller, Barbara Carr, Maxine Corey, Byrt. West.

Third Row—Serena Fair, Marion Passmore, Diane Ward, Carol Van Alstyne.

In April the Glee Club went over the river to Port Huron to take part in an international music festival along with several Michigan groups. In the Music Festival the Glee Club, with 82 marks, was awarded the Sarnia Music Club Rose Bowl.

Two double trios of senior girls also entered the Festival to compete with twelve double trios from grade nine. All in all, it was a very close competition with the winning trio being awarded 82 marks. In this trio were: Marion Humphreys, Joan Willoughby, Jacqueline Brownlee, Majorie McPhail, Frances Haas, and Mary Battram.

Next year we would like to see an even larger and better group at our Monday night practices—also, I heard a rumour of starting a small mixed group. Jacqueline Brownlee.

The I.S.C.F.

The Inter-School Christian Fellowship is the junior partner of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship which consists of groups of students that meet in the different universities and colleges across Canada. The purpose of the I. S. C. F. is to produce godly young people.

In the S.C.I. the Inter-School Christian Fellowship meets every Thursday in room 204 at 12.30. The meetings consist of special speakers, Bible study and discussions. The executive of this year is: President, Frances Kingdom; Secretary, Shirley Mundy and Julia Phillips as Treasurer. Miss Betty Allingham is sponsor of the group.

Julia Phillips



SO-ED EXECUTIVE

First Row—Marien Slater, Betty Parker, Marguerite Wilson, Elizabeth Rutherford, Janet Kent, Lucy Elliott.

Second Row—George Shepherd, Bill Mathers, Alan Wilson, Anne Cowan, Alan Pickering, Lois Soper, Dick Acton, Bert Baldwin, Ken Grant.

The So-Ed Club

This year, the So-Ed Club lived up to its reputation for providing good entertainment for the school.

The first social event was a Sock-Up Dance. (Everyone who attended was asked to check his (or her) shoes at the door.) The high point of the year was SCITS Revue, presented on Friday and Saturday nights, the 27th and 28th of February. A record crowd attended the show, which, in my mind, was the best one So-Ed has ever presented. A new feature in the show was a chorus line. (Pretty good, eh, boys?). The last social event was the Bunny Hop presented during the Easter holidays.

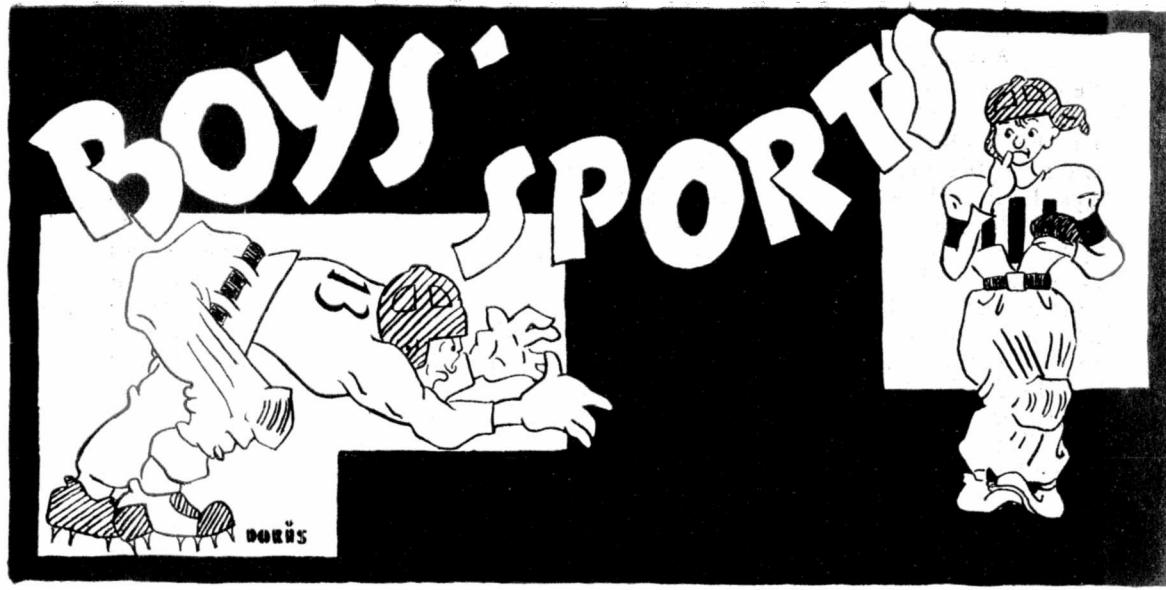
Of course, all is not play, we sometimes pay. Financially, the club did very well, contributing nearly three hundred dollars toward new curtains

for the Assembly Hall, Boys' Athletic Executive, European Children, and French Relief. It should be noted that the So-Ed Club eventually uses all its money for good purposes. A great deal is put back into the school to help pay for such articles as the new curtains, or the P. A. System in the gym, or to help out worthwhile organizations which are not as fortunate as we are.

The So-Ed Club could not succeed, were it not for the help and support received from the members of the school, so the success of the club is up to you!

Before closing, I would like to express, on behalf of the executive, our heartiest thanks to Mr. Wood, who acted as our sponsor this year. Without his help and guidance, we could not have succeeded.

Alan Pickering, (President)



Senior Wossa Rugby

This year, special congratulations are in order for Len Newell and Mike Clawson for the fine job they did in organizing and training the rugby team. By the way, nobody as yet has discovered who labelled the team the Blue Bombers. Rumour has it that the London Central team gave us the name after George Smola had swooped down out of the sky to block the kick which eventually led to their defeat. The name is fitting in any case as the coach is an ex-air force man himself.

Although Mr. Newell's "Black and Blue" team was stopped rather abruptly on its way to the Purple Bowl by Assumption, the season was considered a great success. In the regular Wossa schedule, the Blue and White dropped only one game while winning five. They played a total of ten games, including two exhibition games with Windsor and Port Huron which they lost 6-0 and 13-0.

They won six and lost four, scoring 109 points and having 78 scored against them. Only one kick was blocked all season. They were plagued with more injuries this year than ever before. Excluding Ian Bell, who, although never seriously injured was always

laid up over the week-end after a game (right Ding!) the list of injured included Jack Smith, Bill Rankin, Bert Baldwin, George Smola, Jack McKelvie, Pete Glaab, Tommy Harris, Reg. Spradbrow, and Bill Osborne who later took over as team trainer and head of the complaint department.

Lineup

Backfield	Linemen
Don Perry	Jack McKelvie
Johhny Addison	Bill Rankin
Bert Baldwin	Randall Williams
Pete Glaab	Paul Soper
Pat McCrae	Carl Nickolson
Tom Harris	Don Mattingly
Chuck Glaab	George Smola
Jack Smith	Allison Campbell
Doug Culley	Brian Bradley
Reg. Spradbrow	Ian Bell
Wray McGillivray	Jim Walker
Bruce Johnston	Bill VanHoogenhuize
	Bob Day
	Art Teasel
	Ross Smith
	Alf Savage
Bob Kuindersma	
	Bob White
	Don Young
Don Hollingsowrth	
	Les Clifford

Trainer—Bill Osborne

Coach—Len Newell, Mike Clawson

Assumption 6—Sarnia 0

September 19—Exhibition Game.

Assumption's Purple Raiders spoiled the Collegiate's debut to gridiron warfare this year by handing the local squad a 6-0 defeat in a close and hard fought battle.

About 1,800 fans saw Windsor recover a Sarnia fumble on its 7 yard line in the second quarter, and score an unconverted touchdown. In the third quarter, Pataky kicked a single for the final scoring point of the game. Both teams were well balanced with Assumption having a slight edge on one play, while the Sarnia backfield had only three plays with which to work.

Sarnia 22—Chatham 0

September 26th

The Blue and Whites opened their W. O. S. S. A. season by trouncing Chatham 22-0 in the Maple City.

Carl Nicholsón scored a major in the first quarter, Pete Glaab booting the convert. In the third quarter, Bill Rankin scored again and Chuck Glaab converted. In the final session, both Wray McGillivray and Bruce Johnston crashed over to score unconverted touchdowns before the final whistle blew.

Port Huron 13—Sarnia 0

October 3rd.

Close to 4,000 fans swarmed to Athletic Park to see the annual international game between Sarnia and Port Huron.

The Red and Whites brought three complete teams, but they were unable to use more than their first string. The Blue and Whites stopped the powerful Port Huron team cold for the first half.

In the second half, which was played under American rules Sarnia still looked good. The feature play of the game was a 75 yard run by Cunningham, his interference cutting away Sarnia tacklers. The convert failed and Port Huron led 6-0. The Red and Whites scored again, to make the final score 13-0.

Sarnia 26—St. Thomas 0.

October 10th.

Revenge seemed sweet to the Blue Bombers when they saw the score after this game.

After only four plays, Pete Glaab has scored and converted. Reg. Sprad-brow scampered across for the second touchdown, with Tom Harris booting the point. Harris booted two more singles in the next two quarters, and in the final stanza Bert Baldwin and Harris plunged over again. The final score, Sarnia 26, St. Thomas 0.

Beck 10—Sarnia 0

October 17th.

By a series of costly fumbles, the Sarnia Blue Bombers handed Beck a 10-0 victory in London. In the second quarter, after recovering a fumble on Sarnia's one yard line, Beck scored their first unconverted touchdown. Again in the final quarter, a Beck player snatched up a fumble on the Sarnia ten yard line, and scampered across untouched. The convert was wide, and the game ended with Beck leading 10-0.

Sarnia 8—Central 1

October 24th.

The students who saw this game were witnesses to the most thrilling upset of the year. After a scoreless first quarter, London Central booted a single to lead 1-0 at half time. However, in the third quarter, Pete Glaab hoisted a single for the Blue Bombers to tie the game 1-1 and for a time it looked as if a single point would decide the game.

A Central kick was blocked in the opening minutes of the final session and on the next play Don Perry threw a perfect pass to Pete Glaab for a touchdown, on the old sleeper play. Pete kicked the convert and added another single in the dying minutes to beat the "Golden Ghosts" 8-1.

Sarnia 28—Tech. 0.

October 30th.

The Blue Bombers had an easy time against Tech lads in this game. Dur-



RUGBY TEAM

First Row—Jack Smith, Randall Williams, Pat McCrae, Don Perry, Chuck Glaab, Ian Bell, Johnny Addison, Ross Smith.
Second Row—Bill Osborne, Brian Bradley, Paul Soper, Pete Glaab, Don Mattingly, Mr. Newell, Bob Day, Tom Harris, Reg. Spradbrow, Bert Baldwin, Jack McKelvie, Don Lyre.
Third Row—Doug Culley, George Smola, Bob White, Alf Savage, Allison Campbell, Bill Van Hoogenhuize, Jim Walker, Carl Nicholson.

ing the game, McCrae, Addison, P. Glaab, and C. Glaab went over for majors with Chuck getting 2 converts and Pete and McKelvie making the other two. Pete also added a single and a field goal in the first quarter. The big Sarnia line stood out in this game as they opened gaping holes for the back-fielders.

Sarnia 12—South 5

November 7th.

Two converted touchdowns by P. Glaab and Don Perry in the dying minutes of the final quarter snatched an almost certain win from the hands of London South in this hard fought contest.

Trailing 5-0 up until the last period, the Blue Bomber machine clicked off two touchdowns in five minutes in the last quarter. After Pete Glaab had crashed over, South fumbled two plays later and Sarnia recovered on London's 10 yard line. Perry took the ball over for the second major. Pete and Chuck each kicked a convert for the extra two points.

Sarnia 13—Woodstock 10 —

November 14th.

The Blue Bombers took the quarter-final from Woodstock's "Red Devils" with two of the most spectacular touchdowns of the year. Pete Glaab plunged 82 yards for the first T. D. in the second quarter and made the convert good. Several minutes later Pat McCrae snatched up a Woodstock fumble on Sarnia's 42 yard line and raced to the 18 where he lateralled to Junior Addison who went over for the touchdown. Tom Harris kicked the convert. The "Red Devils" scored an unconverted major as the half ended. In the third period, they scored again but their convert failed. Pete Glaab booted a long single to end the game with Sarnia leading 13-10.

Assumption 33—Sarnia 0.

November 22nd.

This was the end of the trail to the Purple Bowl for our Blue Bombers. The final was played in an icy rain backed up by a driving wind.



BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

First Row—Mr. Newell, Bert Baldwin, Paul Gillespie, Brian Bradley, Walt Murray, Mr. O'Donohue.

Second Row—Reg. Spradbrow, Doug. Culley, Bob White, Bill Van Hoogenhuize, Fred Brownlee, John Teasell, Ivan Dennis.

Although completely outclassed, the Blue and Whites held the Purple Raiders to 3 touchdowns in three quarters of the game. The final quarter was the coup-de-grace for Sarnia as the Assumption squad rolled up 16 points. The final whistle saw the Blue and Whites trailing 33-0.

★

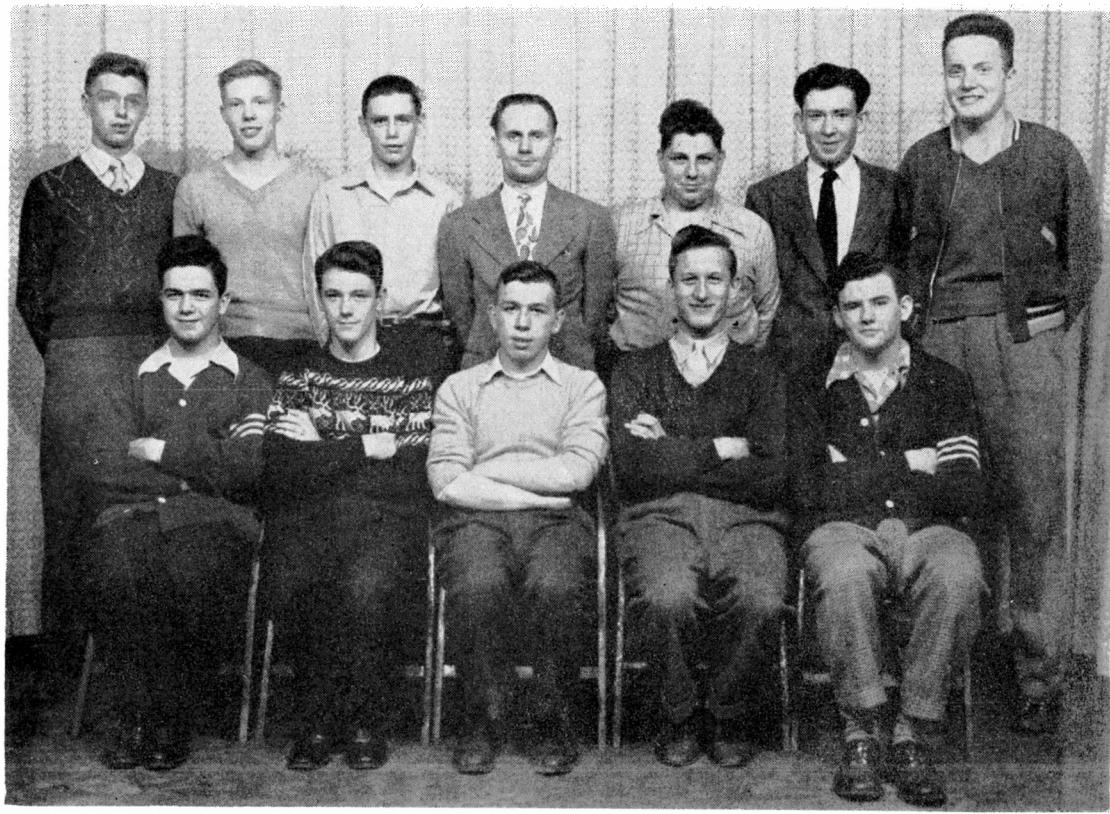
Interform Soccer

With Wossa Soccer making its debut at S. C. I. & T. S. this year, Athletic Director F. E. O'Donohue decided to form an interform soccer league to replace the interform rugby games. The rugby had to be discontinued because of the scarcity of equipment. The

majority of the boys had never played soccer before and the rules and regulations were new to them. After a couple of tough and painful games, however, some of the boys settled down and showed signs of becoming very good at the English sport.

The league was divided into four groups. Grade 9 and 10 played separately. In the senior division, grade 11 played in one group and grades 12 and 13 played in the other.

Form T-12 won the grade 12 championship and then went on to become senior champs by defeating T-11-A which had won the grade 11 crown. The grade 9 and 10 games had to be discontinued because of bad weather and these games were to be played in the spring.



SOCER TEAM

First Row—Dave Smith, Bob Smith, Dave Johnston (Captain), Sam Ramsey, Charteris Reece.

Second Row—Lloyd Elmer, Dick Glass, Bill Baldwin, Mr. Wood, Bob Newell, Bob Taylor, Alan Ferguson.

Absent—Tom McCann, R. Brown, J. Rose, B. Chilton, J. Brough, Don Savage, J. Hockney.

Wossa Soccer

Last fall under the expert coaching of Mr. Wood, a soccer team was entered into Wossa competition for the first time in the history of the school. Although the Blue and Whites were not too successful in their initial season, they showed no lack of spirit, and their team will improve greatly by next year.

The team opened the season with three exhibition games. The first game was against the third team of the University of Western Ontario which the Blue and Whites dropped, 1-0. The other two games consisted of a home and home series with London Central Collegiate. The S. C. I.

lads dropped both of these games by 2-1 scores.

In Wossa competition the team was pitted against Chatham Vocational School and Chatham Collegiate. The Sarnia lads won their first Wossa game, and their only game of the season, by defeating C.C.I., 1-0. The team went to Chatham for two games and, playing against more experienced teams, they dropped these tilts by 2-1, and 3-0, scores. The final games of the series were a nightmare for Mr. Wood's lads. Although the Sarnians had 17 shots on goal compared to 7 by Chatham, the Maple City crew had all the breaks and came through with a 5-0 win to oust Sarnia from further competition.



BOYS ALL ROUND CHAMPS.

Don Young, Gordon Denis, Jack Lewis, Bob Taylor, (absent)

Although the team didn't go far in the first year, our hats are off to Mr. Wood for doing such a fine job of coaching the boys and for introducing a new sport at the S. C. I.

Wossa Soccer Team

Goal—Tom McCann.

Fullbacks—Sam Ramsey, Tubby Newell.

Halfbacks—Dave Johnston, Lloyd Elmer.

Forwards—Richie Brown, Bill Baldwin, Don Savage, John Brough, Bob Smith.

Alternates—Dick Glass, Jim Rose, Jim Savage, Bob Chilton.

Track and Field

On October 6, 7, 8, and 9, the annual field day was held at S. C. I. & T. S. Reg. Spradbrow won the senior championship again this year as well as setting three new school records, in the running broad jump, the hundred yard dash, and the 220 yard dash. In the senior division Bert Baldwin was runner up and Paul Gillespie placed third.

In the intermediate division Bob Taylor copped the championship. Tom Harris and Paul Soper were next best in that order. Bill Harper and Don Fowlie tied for first place in the junior group and George Lambert was runner up.



CHEER LEADERS

First Row—Marian Lunam, Helen Dobrowski, Anne Cowan, Lois Soper, Jean Fraser, Mary Lucas, Carol McIntyre.

Second Row—Stuart Kennedy, "Sugar" Harkins, Paul Gillespie, Bruce West.

Hugh Shortt and Jim Milliken tied for top honours in the juvenile race with Hugh setting a new record in the 50 yard dash. Murray Whistler was second. In the mile open, Lloyd Elmer set a new record while Tommy Harris ran second.



Field Day Champions

Senior Division

1. Reg. Spradbrow, 19 points.
2. Bert Baldwin, 13 points.

Intermediate Division

1. Bob Taylor, 16 points.
2. Tom Harris, 9 points.

Junior Division

1. Bill Harper, Don Fowlie, 13 points.
2. George Lambert, 8 points.

Juvenile Division

1. Hugh Short, Jim Milliken, 11 points.
2. Murray Whistler, 5 points.

Form Champions:

Senior Form 12C with 38 points.

Intermediate C-10-B 26 points.

Junior 10A, 15 points.

Juvenile 10D, 25 points.



Boys' All-Round Champs

Trophies and crests representing all phases of Athletics were presented to various students of the S. C. I. & T. S., at the final assembly last year.

Athletic Director F. E. O'Donohue was in charge of the proceedings assisted by Len Newell, coach of Wossa



TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPS

First Row—Bill Harper, Reg. Spradbrow, Bert Baldwin.

Second Row—Don Fowlie, Hugh Shortt, Murray Whistler, Jim Milliken.

Absent—Bob Taylor, Tom Harris, George Lambert.

football and basketball squads and Earl Johnson coach of Wossa track squads.

First S Awards

All-Round Champion—Kenny Cup—
Jack Lewis.

Second S Awards

Best shot in school—Tom Movold.

Senior Track Champion, Reg. Sprad-
brow.

Intermediate All-Round Champion
—Don Young.

Senior Swimming Meet Winner—
Bruce MacDonald.



SENIOR BASKETBALL

First Row—Ray Vernon, Lloyd Tithecott, Reg Spradbrow, Walt Murray, Jack Mc-
Kelvie, Bob Oliver, Bert Baldwin, Lloyd Elmer.

Second Row—Alan Pickering, Joe Horley, Doug Culley, Mr. Newell, Marco Oreskovitch,
Doug Daye, John Teasell.

All-Round Champions — Point System

Intermediate Silver Medal — Don Young.

Junior Rotary Bronze Medal — Bob Taylor.

Juvenile Rotary Bronze Medal — Gordon Dennis.

Runners up in all-round point system

Senior—Newton Memorial Cup miniature—Bruce MacDonald.

Intermediate—Kiwanis Silver Medal — Mike Cooper.

Junior—Kiwanis Bronze Medal—Dick Glass.

Juvenile—Kiwanis Bronze Medal—Jim Miliken.

★

Mustard: "How's this, waiter? You've charged me two dollars and a half for a planked steak!"

Waiter: "Sorry sir, but lumber's gone up again."

Wossa Basketball - 1948

The junior and senior Wossa Hoopla squads of the S. C. I. & T. S. were grouped again with Chatham C. I. in this district's Wossa grouping this year. This was the first time a junior team has been entered in Wossa competition from the Collegiate for several years. Chatham fell easy prey to both teams as the Blue and Whites took four straight games, the juniors outscoring C. C. I. 151-94 and the seniors romping over them 181-91. Advancing along the trail to the Wossa crown, both Blue and White teams were stopped by Sir Adam Beck of London while the seniors were tripped up by a fast Leamington team. January 30th

The Wossa season opened in Sarnia with the Juniors taking the preliminary game 31-23 while the seniors swamped the Maple City scorers 51-21. Tom McCann paced the Junior

Blue and Whites, sinking 8 baskets and 2 free throws for 18 points. Don Baldwin and Neal Smith were next best with 4 points each. In the Senior tilt Alan Pickering and Bert Baldwin shared scoring honours with 13 and 14 points respectively.

February 6th.

In the return game played in Chatham, Tom McCann and Brad Kelch led the juniors to their second win, Tom scoring 23 points while Kelch got 8. Final score Sarnia 36, Chatham 12.

The seniors down C. C. I. 37-20 with Bob Olver leading the victors with 7 points. Lloyd Elmer was next best for the home team with 5 points.

February 20th

The Blue and Whites clinched the series with Chatham, by taking the third game before a large crowd in the S. C. I. gym. The juniors won 49-25 while the seniors were victorious 57-29. Brad Kelch and Neal Smith led the junior attack, Brad scoring 14 points and Neal getting 11. Lloyd Elmer and Bert Baldwin paced the senior squad with 11 and 10 points respectively.

February 27th

In the last game played at the Chatham gym the Sarnia juniors played their closest game, taking the lead in the last quarter to win 35-34. Tom McCann with 13 points was top scorer for Sarnia. Lloyd Elmer with 10 points led the Blue and White seniors to an easy 36-21 victory.

London 25—S. C. I. Juniors 24

March 4th.

The Junior team pitted against Sir Adam Beck Collegiate of London in the semi-final Wossa playdowns were defeated 25-24 in the first of the two game series played at the S. C. I. gym before a large crowd of cheering students. The Blue and Whites were behind all the way but threatened to take the lead in the last few minutes of the game, when they missed several baskets and free throws. Al Ferguson and Neal Smith were the best for Sarnia with Al sinking 9 points and Neal 7.

London 51—S. C. I. Juniors 28

March 12th

In the return game played at Beck Collegiate, the Blue and Whites were forced out of further Wossa competition after suffering a 51-28 setback at the hands of the tricky London squad. Big Tom McCann again paced the Juniors with 14 points. Brad Kelch was next best with 5.

S. C. I. Seniors 26—Leamington 26

March 5th

The Senior Blue and Whites went to Leamington to play the first game of a two game, points to count series. In a very fast, close checking game, the two teams played to a 26-26 tie. Doug Culley and Lloyd Elmer shared scoring honours for S. C. I. with 7 points each.

Leamington 27—S.C.I. Juniors 22

March 12th

The Seniors dropped out of further Wossa competition this afternoon, when they were defeated 27-22 by Leamington High to lose the series 53-48. The game was played before a very large crowd at the Collegiate Gym. Alan Pickering and Marco Oreskovitch paced the seniors with five points each.

Box Score of Junior Wossa Schedule (Six Games)

Note: Number (1) denotes the number of games missed by each player. F.G.—field goals; F.T.—free throws; P.F.—personal fouls; Pts.—Total pts.

Name	F.G.	F.T.	P.F.	Pts.
1. McCann	37	6	16	80
2. Kelch	15	3	10	33
3. Smith	16	3	15	35
4. Ferguson (1)	8	3	11	19
5. Baldwin	7	0	4	14
6. Glendon	2	4	5	8
7. Hoad	2	3	8	7
8. Glass (1)	1	1	4	3
9. Ayrheart (2)	1	0	4	2
10. Randall (2)	0	1	2	1
	—	—	—	—
	89	24	79	202



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row—Arthur Hoa, Tom LeNeve, Dean Ayreharte.

Second Row—Tom McCann, Bill Glendon, Tom Harris, Neil Smith, Alan Ferguson.

Senior Wossa Schedule

(Six Games)

Name	F.G.	F.T.	P.F.	Pts
Elmer	15	9	2	39
Baldwin	15	5	15	35
Pickering	14	4	8	32
Culley	12	4	5	28
Olver,	10	3	1	23
Murray	3	10	7	16
Spradbrow	6	3	0	15
Oreskovich (3)	5	3	4	13
McKelvie (1)	5	2	6	12
Horley (2)	5	2	5	12
Vernon (2)	2	0	8	4
Daye (5)	0	0	0	0
—	—	—	—	—
92	45	61	229	

Interform Basketball

A very interesting interform basketball league was drawn up this year with over 31 teams taking part in the games. The Senior league was divided into two groups of five teams each. The two top teams in each group played off for the senior championship.

In Group 1, Alan Pickering's Sharks took a two game series from Walt Murray's Seals which gave them a chance at the senior championship. In the two game, points to count series in the second group, the Wolves, captained by Doug Culley, and Bob Olver's Bears each won one game, but the Wolves won on total points.

The Wolves and Sharks met in a sudden death game to decide the senior championship. The Sharks took the crown by downing the Wolves 19-16, to wind up the season undefeated.

In the senior grade 10 boys, the C-10-B squad were leading the pack with 14 points. There were six games left, however, and T-to-A and T-to-C with 11 points each still had a chance to take the championship.

Junior grade 10, T-10-C and 10A-B were tied for first place with 12 points each. Form 9-3 and 9-11 were tied for the top spot in the Senior grade 9 league with 10 points, closely followed by 9-9, 9-10, and 9-11, with 9 points.

★

Army Cadets - 1948

One of the largest cadet corps in the history of the school was formed at S. C. I. this year. Where there were seven or eight platoons in previous years, twelve platoons took the field for the 1948 session.

The corps was not officially formed until the last week in April. This gave the boys only three weeks to get in shape for the inspection which was slated for May 19. At the time of publication, the inspection was still two weeks away, but the cadets were all trying hard and showed promise of putting on a good demonstration, come the big day.

The officers to lead the corps were appointed and they were as follows:

O. C.—Bert Baldwin.

Adj.—Frank Price.

Captains—

A Company—Ken Grant.

B. Company—Ed. Clarke

C. Company—Keith Stoner.

The lieutenants included: Ian Bell, George Smola, Bob Olver, Reg. Sprad-brow, Jim Walker, George Shephed, Art Lewis, Allison Campbell, Doug. Foreman, Fred Brownlee, Alan Skel-ton.

The sergeants were Gary Cooper, Willis Jacques, Bill Van Hooguenize,

Tom Movold, John Jenson, Art Storey, Ken Helson, Ken Somerton, Bob Taylor, Peter Banks, Jack Minty, and Tom Brock.

★

S.D.I. & T.S. Bowling League

As most of the students already know, last year we started a bowling league. This year, as last, we have a 28 week league running from last of October 1947 to June 1948.

There are eight teams of six players. Each team has three boys and three girls. Besides the 48 regular players there are a number of alternates. Each team has about two or three boys and girls for subs.

The teams play each other every night and the winning team receives 3 points. One point for each game and an additional point for high total points.

At the end of the league there will be a party and the team in first place will receive a plaque donated by Watson's Cycle Shop. Each player will receive a bowling pin.

For the highest scoring boy or girl there will also be a prize.

The money for the party, pins, and prizes is collected each week during the season. It is a small sum amounting to six cents a week per player, but adds up at the end of the eight months.

We feel that the league has been a great success both last year and this year, and should be continued in future years.

The executive for the year is:

President—Bill Osborne

Secretary—Pete Glaab

Treasurer—Bob Day.

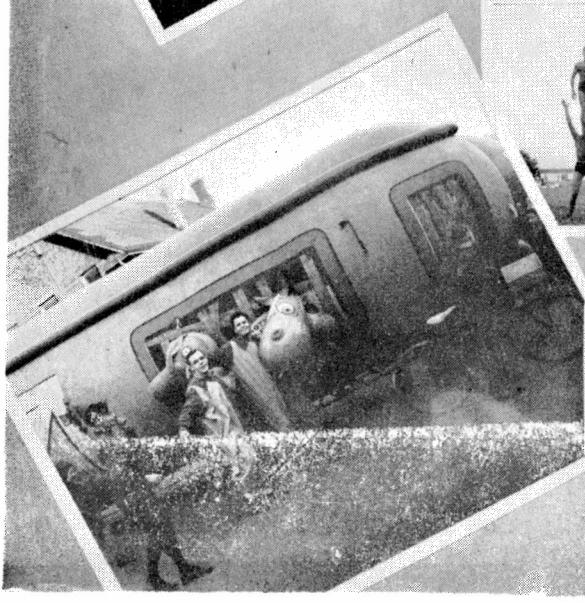
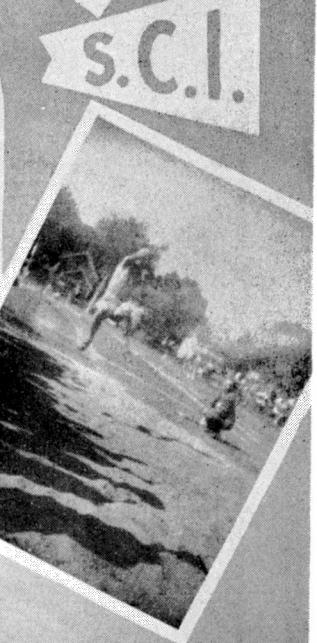
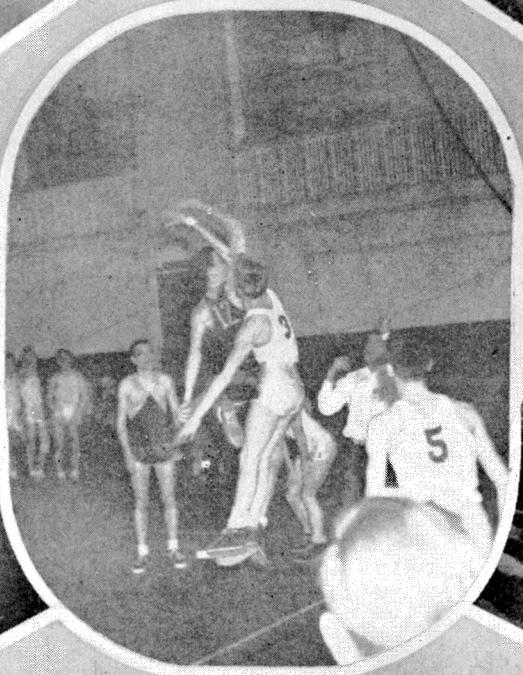
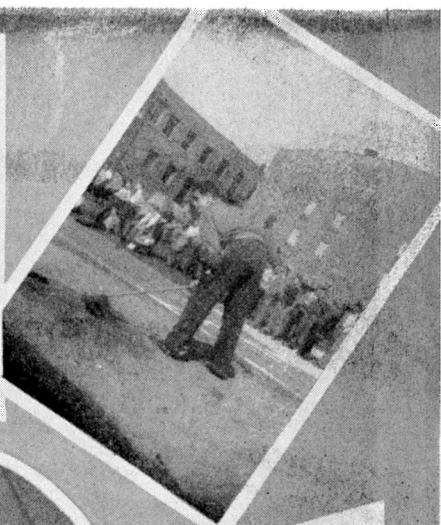
★

Visitor: "How did your horse happen to win this race?"

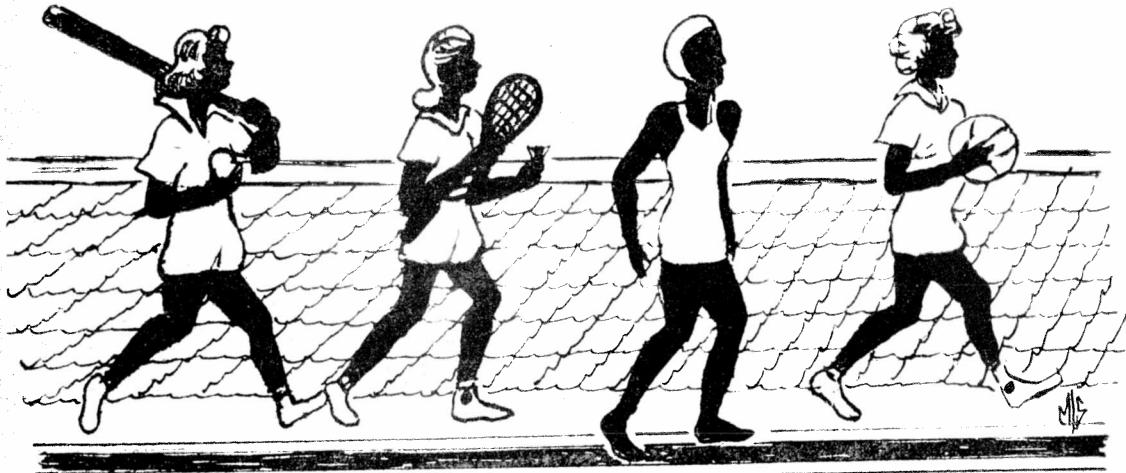
Jockey: "Well, I just kept whispering in his ear: 'Roses are red, violets are blue, horses that lose made into glue.'"

S.C.I.

S.C.I.



Girl's Sports



As yet the schedule for this year's tournaments has not been completed, but so far, those who have participated in the activities have received benefit and enjoyment.

The members of the executive for 1947-48 are: Honourary Presidents, Mr. Sinclair, Miss Ramsden and Miss Wilson; President, Margaret Jones; Vice President, Marguerite Wilson; Secretary, Ruth Hawley; Treasurer, Margaret Trotter. The eight curators of the various sports are: swimming, Marguerite Gray; track and field, Isobel Rutherford; softball, Helen Sparling; speedball, fieldball and captam-ball, Evelyn Swartz; deck tennis and badminton, Mildred Davich; basketball, Henrietta Plain; volleyball, Pauline Armstrong; dancing, Marilyn Van Alstyne.

The executive meets once a month to discuss any business relating to girls' athletics, to record the gym work of each girl, and to arrange the supervision of after-school activities. Marks are given each month for attendance and uniform, swimming tests passed, posture tests, for refereeing, umpiring, score and time-keeping and games played. A bonus mark is given to each winning team. The girls on the

team elect their captain and at the end of the tournament, grade her on efficiency.

The marks of every girl are totalled at the end of the year. Girls who receive 75% of the average of the ten highest marks receive All-Round Proficiency Crests. 1946-47 winners were: Lea Alpine, Pauline Armstrong, Barbara Britt, Eunice Burr, Gwyn Cordey, Frances Dawson, Mildred Davich, Alicia Dobrowski, Janet Eyre, Jean Fraser, June Garrison, Marguerite Gray, Ruth Hawley, Barbara Huggett, Marion Humphries, June Jackson, Marlene Jackson, Margaret Jones, Sally McCrae, Helen Mackinley, Keisha McLaughlin, Betty Parker, Henrietta Plain, Joyce Plain, Muriel Plain, Mary Pringle, Mary Richardson, Isobel Rutherford, Helen Sparling, Marilyn Van Alstyne, Beverly Walker, Marie Wardell, Jane Weir, Joan Wierenga, Mary Williamson.

The All-Round Champs for 1946-47 were: Senior, Margaret Jones; Intermediate, Margaret Huggett; Junior, Jane Weir. Nice work girls!

Second S's were awarded to Betty Parker and Pauline Armstrong for having won three proficiency crests.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

First Row—Marg Trotter, Ruth Hawley, Marg. Jones, Marguerite Wilson, Evelyn Swartz
Second Row—Pauline Armstrong, Marilyn Van Alstyne, Miss Ramsden, Miss Wilson, Isobel Rutherford, Henrietta Plain.

Volleyball

The last school magazine had gone to press before the Volleyball tournament had been completed. Last year in the Senior Division, 13-A with Nona Moorehouse as captain, was placed first. Second and third places were captured by 11-A, captain Marilyn Southecombe, and 12-C, captain Henrietta Plain. In the Intermediate Division 10-B led by captain Maxine Fraser captured first place. C-10-A with captain Joan Bolton took second place, and third place was taken by 10-E with Gwyn Cordey as captain. The Juniors entered the tournament with vigour and interest and, after some very exciting games 9-5 with S. Benson as captain came out on top. 9-10 with captain Marie Nesbitt and 9-4 with

captain Dorothy Jarvis took second and third places respectively. This tournament was a great success, and we hope for one just as successful next year.



Softball

There were 37 teams altogether in the softball tournament. The tournament was quite a success with C11 captained by Joan Bolton coming out on top in the Senior Division. C12 under Margaret Haddon came second, and 12B under Henrietta Plain was third.

10-E with captain Gwyn Cordey took the Intermediate pennant, with C10-C, captain Joyce Plain, and 10F,



Lorraine Le Neve
Maxine Fraser
Shirley Benson

Joan Bolton
Gwyn Cordey
Beatty Steele

Margaret Jones
Frances Ellis
June Garrison

captain Joan Brough taking second and third places respectively.

In the Junior Division, 9-4 under Beatty Steele captured first place. Second place was taken by 9-6, captain Isla Dennis.

★

Speedball, Fieldball and Captainball

This year the speedball pennant was won by Joan Palmer's C-12's. Grade 11 carried out a successful Fieldball tournament the winning team being 11 A, B with captain Margaret Huggett. Second place was taken by 11C, D with captain Barbara Pickering and third place by C11, captain Bertha Kaija.

The Int. Fieldball tournament was also a good one with 10B, placing first under captain Gertrude Langyhr, C10C placing second under captain Blanche Brydges, and 10E placing third under captain Marguerite Harper.



Joan Palmer
Margaret Huggett
Gertrude Langmyhr
Mary Foster



GIRLS' ALL ROUND CHAMPS

Margaret Jones
Margaret Huggett
Jane Weir

Great enthusiasm was shown by the Juniors in the Captainball tournament 9-7, came first with captain Mary Foster, 9-4 came second with Elaine Dunbar as captain, and Catherine McDougall's 9-11 placed third.

★

Badminton and Deck Tennis

This year the senior girls were able to have a badminton tournament and the results were as follows: first place 11-B with captain Barbara Brock; second place 11-A captain Frances Fergue and third place C-12 captain Eunice Smith. In the Deck Tennis tournament the Intermediate pennant went to C-10-C led by Miza Hiller, with Mary Richardson's 10-C team in second place, while third place went to 10-B with captain Pamela Moore.

Track and Field

Once again a successful field day competition was held on Oct. 6, 7, 8, 9. The teams of girls took part in such events as high jump, broad jump, basketball shooting, and throw-for-distance and various relays. Senior Division winners were: 13-A, captain Dorothy Dickinson first; second, C12 (1) with captain Vera Marshall and third C11 (2) with captain Dolly Shaw. Intermediate results were 10-B under Barbara Huggett in first place; 10-E with captain Janet Fowlie second and 10-D captain Jean Underhay in third place. In the Junior Division 9-11 with captain Doris McDougall came first; 9-4 (2) captain Clara Avery, second, and 9-9, captain Mary Harnick, third.



Dorothy Dickinson
Barbara Huggett
Doris McDougall



Betty Parker
Marion Humphries
Carol Van Alstyne

Carol McIntyre
Marilyn Van Alstyne
Lea Alpine

Margaret Jones
Mary Drachuk
Judy Arkell

Basketball

Last year's Senior Basketball pennant was captured by Grade 13, led by their able captain Margaret Jones. Second place went to Marguerite Wilson and her C-11-B team, while third place was taken by 12C, captained by Henrietta Plain. The Intermediate honours went to 10B's team with captain Frances Ellis. C-10-B captained by Florence Emmons took second place with Peggy Pringle's 10-A team in third place. June Garrison's 9-8 team took first place in the Junior division with 9-11, captain C. Kerr and 9-7 captain E. Burr in second and third places respectively.



Dancing

The results of last year's dancing contest are: Senior A, first place 13-A with captain Dianne Walker; second place, 12B with captain Pauline Wray.

and 12C with captain Elizabeth Ruth erford. Senior B, 11B, captain G. Smith first place, 11A captain M. Langmyhr and 11D with captain J. Kent. In the Intermediate division 10B captain M. Drachuk took first place with 10E captain, M. Wardell and 10A captain, D. Crawford in second and third places respectively. First in the Junior division went to 9-7 captain, M. Guthrie, second place to 9-10 captain A. Hawley while 9-9 with captain L. Walton took second place.



Martha K.: "Now why does the sap rise?"

Dora D.: "Because he has to go to work, I suppose."

Chuck: "My brother is working with 5000 people under him."

Joan: "Where?"

Chuck: "Mowing lawns in the cemetery."



PROFICIENCY CREST WINNERS

First Row—June Garrison, Helen Sparling, Alicia Dobroski, Marguerite Gray, Lea Alpine, Sally McCrae, Ruth Hawley, Evelyn Swartz, Marie Wardell.
Second Row—Henrietta Plain, Gwyn Cordey, June Jackson, Margaret Jones, Janet Eyre, Marilyn Van Alstyne, Frances Dawson, Barbara Huggett, Mildred Davich.



POEMS

In the parlour there sat three,
 Parlour lamp, he, and she.
 Three's a crowd, you know no doubt,
 So little parlour lamp went out.



There was a young fellow named
 Willie,
 Who acted exceedingly silly,
 He went to a ball
 Dressed in nothing at all,
 Pretending to represent Chile!



It was at the Cosy they first met
 One Romeo and Juliet.
 'Twas then he first fell into debt,
 For Romeo'd what Juli-et.

The Lord gave us two ends to use;
 One to think with, one to sit with,
 Our life depends on which we use,
 Heads we win, tails we lose.



Marie N.: "You should see our living room. What a luxurious carpet! When you step on it you sink down 6 feet." Red H.: "How Come?" Marie: "No floor."

Sugar: "My grandfather plays the piano by ear." Soup: "Well, if I must boast — my grandfather fiddles with his beard."

Mrs. Karn: "How do you feel after your ride on the horse?" Karny: "I didn't know anything filled with hay could be so hard."



ART

Mu: "How was your trip to the dentist, exciting?"
Terrais: "Sure, I had a drilling time."

Definition: Bathing suit—The little bit that isn't bare.

Perry: "I had a funny dream las night, and when I woke up I had chewed the inside out of my pillow."

Matt: "Don't you feel sick today?"
Perry: "Oh, just a little down-in-the-mouth."

As the two business men were leaving the office, one was herd to say:
"Can I reach you by telephone at home, or do you have a teen-age daughter?"

Miss Martin: "Now, Gladdy, if you were to draw a straight line between these two points, what would it prove?"

Gladdy: "That I was unusually sober this morning."

Ian: "Say something soft and sweet to me."

Nancy: "Custard Pie."

Mr. Langan: "And on this paper I want your names—not your signatures."

Betty P.: "What beautiful fresh flowers you brought me! Why I believe there is a little dew on them."

Bill V.: "Yes, there is, but I promised to pay it off tomorrow."

Sope: "Do you know why watermelons have so much water in them?"

Ron S.: "No, why?"

Sope: "Because they're planted in the spring."

Barb: "Osborne certainly spoke his mind last period, didn't he?"

Jackie: "Yes, his voice did sound a little cracked."

At the telephone: "Hello, hello, who is this."

At the other end: "I don't know, I can't see you." tures.

Pep: "I've changed my mind."

Tom H. "Good, I hope this one works."

My mother once cautioned me never to flirt,

No handkerchief could I let drop.

Which brings up a question quite bold and impert:

I wonder just how she got pop?

He stood at her bower
And sang a love song,
She rushed from the window,
For something was wrong.
He gazed fondly upward
To meet her approval,
But dad tossed a brick causing
Instant removal.

"What's the name of your dog?"
"Ginger."
"Does Ginger bite?"
"No, Ginger snaps."
(We said it, and we're glad!).

We wonder:

- why the medical room is so crowded Thursday, 8th period.
- if Bob White uses a magnet to attract so much female attention.
- why Mr. Treitz wears rubber heels.
- if Brian has learned any new tactics.
- why Ruth Hawley always says the wrong thing in the Biology lab.
- if Miss Walker will regret leaving us.
- if Reg enjoys breaking up big romances.
- what the attraction is in the assembly hall at noon.

Onions to:

- boys who created disturbance at Comtecol.
- girls who complained about the demonstration.
- the Department for exams.

Things we couldn't do without:

- Cosy Cove.
- Wednesday afternoon bowling (?) league.
- mass meeting on 2nd floor at noon.
- Friday night Comtecol.
- Mr. Mendizabal's speeches in assembly.
- buses chartered to football games.
- Soup, Sope, and Sugar.
- Mr. Wood's Scottish wit.
- the Commercial Office.

Ruth H.: "I like that soda jerk. He can always raise a laugh."

Sope: "Yes, he actually made a banana split the other day."

Orchids to:

- boys who volunteered for cadets.
- Mr. Johnston.
- students who conduct Assembly.
- Mr. Sinclair's Art exhibits.

Whitfield: "What is geometry?"

Wright: "A little acorn grew and grew and grew and then one morning woke up and said, "Ge-om-e-try"

At the first of the year, as we filed into the Physics lab, Mr. Dennis looked us over, then came down to the desk where Hollands, Scott, Pickering and Gladdy were seated. He looked at Gladdy and said;

"Did you have a twin brother in my class last year?"

"No sir, that was me."

"Oh," said Mr. Dennis dejectedly.

Later on in the period, Mr. Dennis, who had been scratching his head and muttering to himself, was heard to say:

"It's strange. Remarkable resemblance."

A Word to the Wise

The man who can't make a mistake, can't make anything.

It is better to give than to lend, and it costs about the same.

A wedding ring is like a tourniquet—it stops your circulation.

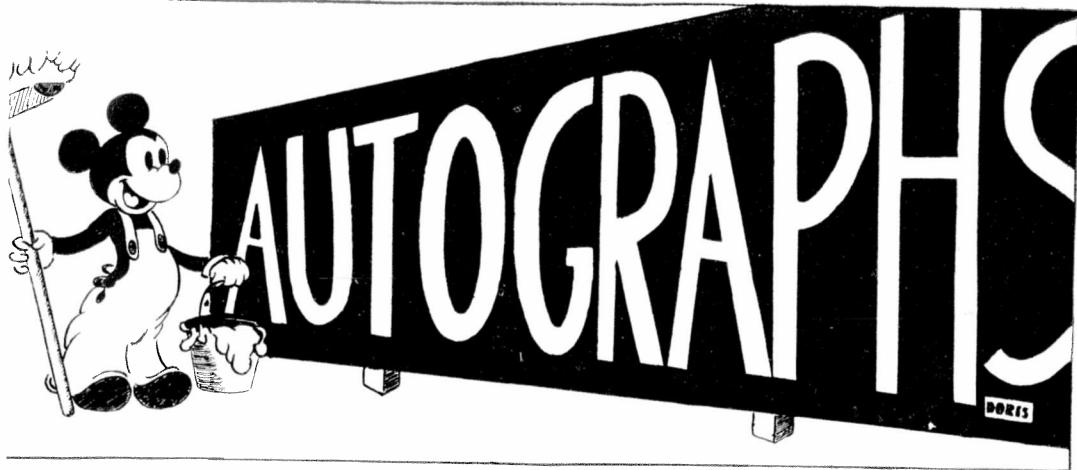
The only people to get even with are those who have helped you.

The best way out of a difficulty is through it.

Any girl can handle the beast in a man, if she's cagey enough.

... And did you hear about the dentist who had a "dollar day" sale? He was selling buck teeth.

NAME	Alias	Chief Weakness	Ambition	Ultimate Fate	Favourite Expression
Art Lewis	Lucky	Betsy	Engineer	Baby-Sitter	I are not!
Keith Stoner	Keith	Boots	Minister	Car Washer	La-de-da.
Howard Hollands	Howard	Basketball	Finish Homework	2nd Lee Gladly	My boy!
Eve Norwood	Evie	Rabbit	Gow Taller	Nina	Oh, shut up!
Willis Jaques	Willie	Drums	Gene Krupa II	S. C. I. Orchestra	If I'd only studied . . .
Lois Soper	Sope	Cheerleading	Hollywood Director	So-Ed Shows	Is that right? !?
Jim Whitfield	Professor	Louise	Scientist	Bottle Washer	Let go of my tie!
Arthur Storey	Mumbles	Birds	Dentist	Selling Pepsodent	Ha! Ha!
Johnny Addison	Junior	Senior S.	Port Huron J.C.	S. C. I.	Remember the time . . .
Helen Dobroski	Dobby	Horses	Nurse	Chorus Line	Oh, gosh!
Bob Day	Foggy	Pipes	Mounted Police	Stable Boy	Hi, pal!



The Sarnia Board of Education and its Advisory Vocational Committee

ARE GLAD TO AVAIL THEMSELVES OF THIS OPPORTUNITY
OF GREETING THE 1948 AD ASTRA ANNUAL MAGAZINE STAFF
AND ALSO ALL THE READERS OF THIS PUBLICATION



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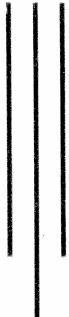
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Gin: "Yes sir. It's on the third line of my report card." Mr. Bond: "Can you tell me where the Red Sea is?"

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In The Red Store District

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RED LINE TAXI

4 SERVICE STATION 4
0 AT THE REAR OF 0
4 COSY COVE 4

The Heart of the Red Store District

Remember the Number 404

Schoolboy: (to butcher). "The sausages you sent me had bread at one end and meat at the other."

Butcher: "Yes lad, in these hard times it is hard to make both ends meat."

Compliments of

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Pick-Up and Delivery

106 S. MITTON ST.

PHONE 2810

R

109 S. MITTON ST.

PHONE 2192

Mr. Treitz, (to students): Here you see the skull of a chimpanzee, a very rare specimen. There are only two in the country,—one is in the National Museum and I have the other.

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167 LOCHIEL STREET

Men's

Clothing

Boys'

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LIMITED**



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SARNIA

Captain: "All hands on deck! The ship is leaking!" Foggy Dave: "Well, just a put a pan under and come to bed!"

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Chuck: "Did your father complain about my staying so late last night?"

Joan: "On the contrary, he asked me why I was so thoughtless as to let you go to school without any breakfast!"

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145 S. CHRISTINA PH. 884

Mr. Johnston: "Call yourself a typist, and you don't know how to put a ribbon in a typewriter."

Lucy Elliott: "Well can Paderewski tune a piano?"

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Paragon and

Royal Albert China

Fine English

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Dodie: "How is my dog different from
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Fran: "I don't know, how?"

Dodie: "We know my dog is inhabited."

Miss Walker: "What is the future of

"he drinks?"

Student: "He is drunk!"

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2nd Student: "Toss for it--heads or tales.

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Student Boarder: "There's a hair in my apple pie."

Landlady: "That's funny, the grocer told me distinctly that they were all baldwins."

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CHATHAM and WINDSOR

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Marion: "Yes dad, I know, but they're lovely for two."

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 Sarnia Branch Manager

Marilyn: "How do you like the picture I drew?"

Liz: "The horse is good, but where is the wagon?"

Marilyn: "Oh the horse will draw that"

Pretty girl: (hands over eyes): "If you can't guess who it is in three guesses, I'm going to kiss you."

Young Hopeful: "Jack Frost, Davey Jones, Santa Claus."

Mother: "What time was it when you came in last night?"

Daughter: "It was a quarter of twelve"

Mother: "It so happens I looked at the clock, and it was three."

Daughter: "Well that's a quarter of twelve!"

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Limited

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They had never met be-4
Bu twhat had she 2-care?
She loved him 10-derly
For he was a 1,000,000-aire.

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Mr. Marcy: "Well, what is the answer?"

Malcolm: "Fifteen cowboys."

Mr. Marcy: "Is it possible to add 7 boys and 8 cows?"

Malcolm: "Yes sir."

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proached him and said: "Hello, are you Appius Claudius?" "No." was the mournful reply, "I'm Unappius L."

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Household and Builders' Hardware, Electrical Appliances
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Were it not
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There'd be a joke here
Ten times worse.

Mr. Ritchie: "This gas contains deadly poison. What steps would you take if it escaped?"
Chate: "Long ones sir!"

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PHONE 120

Savage: "Say, Fergie, I think a wheel
is coming off."

Ferg: "O.K. with me, Alf, I'm kinda
tired of that "out o'gas" gag my-
self."

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Could say when Adam told a joke,
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Mr. Watson: "I hope I didn't see you looking on the next boy's paper, Stoner."

Keith: "I hope you didn't either sir."

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Walt: "I dunno, why?"

Hollands: "If you don't park right, it'll pinch you."

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The one who thinks our jokes are poor
Would straightway change his views,
Could he compare the joke we print
With those we could not use.

Editor

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Dick: "Why did you leave your girl's
house so early?"

Keith: "We were sitting on the sofa
and she turned out the light. Guess
I can take a hint."

Mary: "How do you feel today?"

Dodie: "Just like a newspaper."

Mary: "How's that?"

Dodie: "Oh, tearable."

Compliments of

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SHOE SHOP**

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Smart Shoes for
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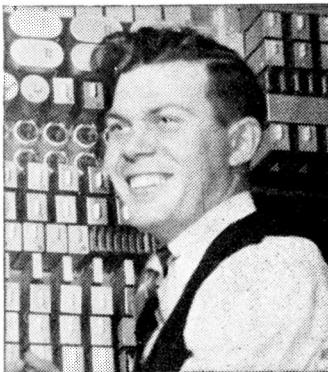
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MARY, JANE AND JOE haven't been out of high school very long. Today, up from the ranks, they're going places in the telephone business. Telephone people—men and women at various stages of their careers — know that the opportunity to go ahead is open to all in this expanding business.

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Phone 322-M

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"Can I reach you by telephone at home, or do you have a teen-age daughter?"

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the inside out of my pillow...?"

Matt: "Don't you feel sick today?"

Perry: "Oh, just little down-in-the-mouth."

Compliments of

Art Fortey's

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457 London Road Sarnia, Ont.

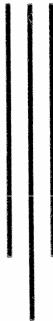
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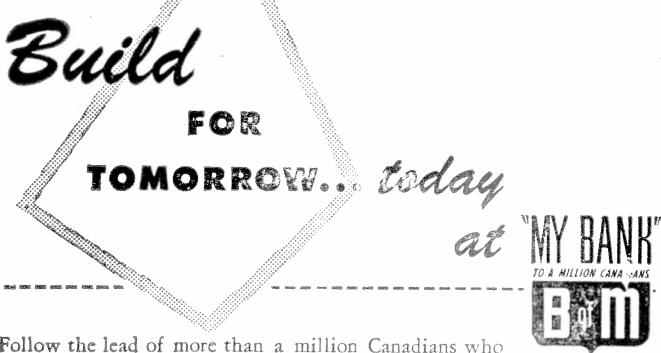
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